

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE GRANT MONUMENT, RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

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## General Grant.

WITH the dedication of the tomb in which what was mortal of General Grant will rest, and of the monument which surmounts that sarcophagus, the last of the visible and appropriate ceremonies which so often celebrated his career and services will have been performed. They began with Fort Donelson and the message written under its guns, which stirred every heart in sympathy with the cause to which the young commander then gave new hope. They were continued after Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Appomattox. They were renewed in the campaigns of politics. The almost greater triumph, won in peace and for peace—the arbitration treaty—compelled cordial demonstrations of approval and honor. The world in successive action joined in these tributes, and the rulers of the nations of the earth shared in bestowal of these honors, making one continuous cycle of acknowledgment from Great Britain to the Golden Gate.

And then, after a little while, the nation gave even more impressive illustration of its sentiment, listening with sympathy and keen distress to the saddening words that came from the chamber of suffering. Upon the Pacific slope, or in the South, or at the borders of the Canadian provinces, there was the same tender sympathy—a visible expression of the sorrow that has its springs in the heart.

Twelve years ago, with solemn pageant, in which those who had been honorable foes in the war-days shared with those who served with the commander, the body of General Grant was taken to the place selected for its temporary resting-place. Since that time, in fair season or inclement, there have been informal tributes, and vast multitudes have stood in reverent remembrance before that earlier tomb which first received the hallowed dust. And upon the Memorial Day other great companies, in uniform, have assembled there with proper ceremonial to celebrate the achievements of the modest soldier who received the surrender of the most courtly and honorable of foes.

The brilliant and impressive ceremonies of the dedication, the march of an army greater than that which Grant commanded at Donelson or Pittsburg Landing, the gathering of a multitude to witness these last formalities and to hear the last formal acknowledgments of what Grant did and what the nation's debt to him must always be—these will terminate that long list of ceremonials that began more than thirty years ago.

And yet it is but the beginning of the greater acknowledgment and the more enduring tribute which are the tests of immortality. The future generations will carry a constant memorial to Grant in their hearts. They will perceive more clearly than we who were of Grant's day, and especially those of us who remember how at first faintly we heard of Grant in the West, and then with greater and greater acclaim, until at Appomattox it was the soldier's name pre-eminent—those of the future generations will know better than any of us can understand it that something greater than any victory upon the field or in statecraft was the service which has made the American people the debtors for all time to the hero whose visible memorial is on the banks of the Hudson. It was that higher triumph which took the sting and resentment out of defeat without belittling the splendor of the victory. It was the greater conquest than that of arms, the conquest which for the first time in all history made it possible for those who were overcome to share some of the fruits of victory, and which knit together again with a word those who had been in deadly opposition. And it was the spirit of reconciliation, the passionate wish for peace that is not the peace of subjugation, the earnest prayer breathed in that brief utterance, "Let us have peace," the resolute determination to secure it between his own people, and between his country and other nations that were standing on the danger-line beyond which was war—these were the abiding influences, working steadily to their perfect end, which are the greater claims of General Grant for that immortality which is his.

Under his command the Union armies were victorious, and there was enduring fame in that, but it is only a soldier's fame. Under his inspiration, wholly approved, completely indorsed by Lincoln, he not only gained the enemy's surrender, but also won their hearts, so that history will record the sublime spectacle of a nation of mourners for his death, participator in the last visible ceremony in his honor, of whose people millions were there and the children of those whom he compelled to lay down their arms. He saved the Union as a political body, and he made it possible speedily to restore that greater union which a community of sentiment, devotion, and purpose secures.

That is a greater, a more enduring memorial than any that can be erected by the work of men's hands, for it abides in the heart of the people.

## The Mississippi Floods.

THE sudden rise in the Mississippi River and its tributaries has resulted in appalling disaster to a section of country greater in area than several of the European empires. The loss to life has been great and the damage to property immense. Looking at this calamity in a superficial way we are apt to attribute it to a dispensation of Providence on one hand, and the ineptitude of the government authorities on the other. It is true that Providence ordains what happens, and it is also true that the army engineers have spent millions of public money in ineffectual efforts to confine the great river within a definite channel. But the cause of these ever-recurring floods must be looked for elsewhere. We and the two generations that preceded us are directly responsible for the conditions which baffle us to-day. The wanton destruction of the forests of the country was an invitation to the disaster of this spring.

When the country was young the forests seemed inexhaustible and they were destroyed with a quite reckless disregard of consequences. Indeed it was not difficult to find men forty years ago who looked upon the forests as the enemies of civilization. The forests in many parts of the land were attacked in this spirit. Later they have been destroyed almost as recklessly by lumbermen. This work has been pursued with so much mistaken energy that to-day we have much less than a safe area of forest in the country; if pursued in the same spirit and at the same rate for two more generations we will have no forests at all, and many sections of the country, once rich in crops, will become arid wastes.

At this time we suffer from a lack of water in one season to be followed by floods in the next. Both of these conditions we have brought upon ourselves. It is too late to undo all the damage, but it is our plain duty to our posterity to stop this reckless devastation at once. The last two Federal administrations proclaimed that great areas of public land should be kept as forest preserves. This was timely even though it was late. Against the last proclamation of reservation there have been strong protests on the part of men interested in the lumber business. We feel sure that President McKinley will not listen favorably to these petitioners, nor undo one of the best public acts of his predecessor.

The poor people in the valley of the Mississippi are suffering now because of the scarcity of the forests in the water-shed of that mighty river. Further to destroy what remains would be an unforgivable sin; those who preceded us in this work of destruction knew not what they did, but we would continue in evil ways with our eyes wide open and with full understanding of the disastrous consequences.

## Libraries and Literature.

UNCULTIVATED persons, as a rule, have a vague idea that every book which is not immoral in its tendency is literature. On the other hand, the degenerates, who prate unduly about art without knowing really what art is, cherish the notion that every book which is either questionable in its moral tendency or downright nasty in its details is very high literature. We need not say that both of these classes are equally wrong in their generalization. Goody-goodness is not necessarily literature, nor yet is nastiness. Indeed, it is about as hard for the author of one kind as for the author of the other to work in such artistic fashion as to achieve real literary success.

Libraries, we believe, are primarily literary repositories, and books which are far below a fair literary standard should have no place in any of them. Hitherto a book that was inoffensive in its moral influence, once placed upon a library shelf, has been suffered to remain there without challenge or protest, even though the style, or lack of style, had long passed out of fashion. But we are upon newer times, and we learn that the authorities of public libraries believe that a part of their duty is to act as censors on the books that are circulated by their institutions. In the exercise of this new duty the authorities of a Pennsylvania library—it was in Alleghany City, we believe—have concluded that the novels of Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth, and the Rev. E. P. Roe should no longer be kept on their shelves.

This decision will strike many uncritical readers as very arbitrary and very unnecessary. Two generations have been brought up on these mushy tales, and have liked them. But still the authorities of the library are quite right. These tales corrupt the taste of readers and spoil their capacity to enjoy what is really fine. This is enough to condemn them, but there is another count to the indictment. The time consumed in reading these novels is absolutely thrown away, and presumably taken from the hours which might be given to books which belong to the realms of real literature. We salute the discriminating authorities of the Pennsylvania library and commend their example to the librarians in other parts of the country.

Since the death of Mr. Adams (Oliver Optic) we learn with surprise that his stories were cast out of the Boston Public Library twelve years or so ago. This was not because they were unliterary, but because they were thought to be too exciting for a wholesome mental food for the aspiring youth of that great and learning-loving town. We are sorry for this. We wish that the Boston librarian had

had the candor of his Pennsylvania colleague, and had cast out the Oliver Optic stories because they were worthless and unliterary twaddle.

Now, if some one would only start in and tell about the stuff that is given out each week to the children of the Sunday-schools we should believe that attention had been called to a rich field for reform. Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth, Mr. Roe, and Mr. Adams are great writers and shining literary lights compared with those who have manufactured the books which our children bring home from Sunday-school and are permitted to read, in the mistaken, though confident, idea that most improving literature has been placed in their young hands.

## On the Grecian Frontier.

THE armies of Greece and Turkey confront one another on the frontier, and skirmishing between irregular bodies of Greeks and the Turkish outposts have been going on for some time. If a collision in force does not soon occur the authority of the Powers will be of more avail than it has been since the Cretans rose against their Turkish oppressors and called on Greece for the succor which the great Powers had promised but had not supplied.

The war feeling in both Greece and Turkey is high. The great national society in Greece, Ethnike Hetaria, is urging the king to action, and it is freely intimated that should he back down from his firm position it would be necessary for him to abdicate the throne at the same time; otherwise there would be a civil revolution. The Turkish army is also impatient and full of fight. Nothing can save a collision save action on the part of the Powers, the chief inspiration of which will not be a consideration for the integrity of the Turkish empire.

Up to this time everything that has been done by the great Powers has been in favor of Turkey and in opposition to the oppressed Christians. But not much has been done. The Greek force is still in Crete; the Cretan insurgents hold the Turkish soldiery in check, despite the European blockade and the reckless cannonade of the English, Austrian, Italian, Russian, French, and German men-of-war, and the Greek army has assembled in ever-increasing force, impatient for an excuse to attack the enemies of Christian freedom and modern liberty.

If the conflict come, the blood that is shed will be upon the heads of those selfish, cowardly, and paltering rulers who have failed to take advantage of their responsibilities for fear of losing some miserable pawn on the European chess-board. Lovers of liberty and justice condemn them now; posterity will write their names in letters black with scorn.

## English Undefined.

HERE are encouraging signs in many directions that the English-speaking countries are awake to the importance of preserving the purity and integrity of their language, which even the Frenchman, Chiniquy, declares to be the most simple, direct, forcible, and sonorous in the world. When we read that within two or three generations a single Indian tongue in the far West has been corrupted into thirty dialects, we realize profoundly the danger of trifling with our medium of thought. We may well unite our forces in this common cause, and maintain eternal vigilance along our borders of speech.

In this line, why does no one call attention to the abuse of the word "necessities"? We hear constantly of "the necessities of life." Now, we have in our nature certain necessities. These demand necessities for their satisfaction. It is only by a misfit and unsound trope that we can speak of food, shelter, and clothing as "the necessities of life." They are the necessities which should be provided to relieve our necessities, yet the error has been persisted in until even the dictionaries now abet it.

In two reputable periodicals, within a few days of this writing, the shocking construction, "We do not know but what it is so," has occurred in the editorial columns. The West and the South cling pertinaciously to "We do like you do"; and a great advertiser announces in glaring type that he will provide a certain delicacy "like mother used to make." "Every" and "any" mate with plural pronouns in many otherwise excellent publications. Thus the president of a prominent club announced recently: "If any one would like their name presented," etc.

Perhaps the crucial test of a thorough knowledge of English may be found in the use of the verb "lie," with its various participles. In a modern story occurs the sentence, "The angel lain it in her arms." Perhaps a majority of decently-educated people talk of "laying down to rest," or remark that they "laid down." As for "will" and "shall," only the finest literary sense seems to be adequate to their proper use. "Gotten" is in disrepute in good quarters, and yet some of our leading writers persist in using it. Mr. Howells begs us not to say "I don't know as," and let us hope that all will heed his request. But Mr. Howells has been known to use "loan" as a verb, and he gives his unblushing sanction to "lunch" as a noun. It is gratifying to know that he, the "dean of literature" in this country, makes a plea now and then for the purity of our

language. We fear that his natural inclination is towards a dangerous liberality.

The only salvation for us all is in constant reference to a good dictionary, and even then, in the nicer points, there is confusion rather than enlightenment. To use a dictionary is more or less troublesome, but so is any sort of thing which is worth having. The candid friend, if he be also an aspirant towards perfect speech, is no mean ally of the dictionary in the perpetual warfare which must be waged against slovenly pronunciation and idioms. If his candor does not extend far enough to allow of the volunteering of his advice and correction, let us pray for grace to ask for them. We all have our little pet mistakes, which grieve the souls of our strictly philological intimates. Usually, with the weak intention of sparing our feelings, they do us the unkindness to allow us to continue in our sins against language. We should give them no excuse for this, but should insist from time to time upon a sort of philological "shrove-day" with them—which in their souls they are generally longing to bestow.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—OUR great-grandmothers would have thought, in all probability, that for a girl to play the fiddle was almost as bad as for

her to smoke a pipe. But these are not our great-grandmothers' days, and let us give thanks. Nowadays art is the best, if not the greatest, thing in the world. In potentiality it is next to dollars. And so our girls may fiddle if they but have the gift for it, and they will win the praise of all men and

women, too. But of American women who have cultivated the violin to the realms of virtuosity there is, we believe, but one. She comes of fighting, rather than fiddling, stock, for her father, General Basil Duke, of Kentucky, was a distinguished Confederate cavalryman during the Civil War, while her uncle, General John Morgan, kept the people of three or four Union States guessing for several years as to exactly when they were to have a hostile visit from him and his raiders. Miss Curry Duke, however, is all artist—musician to her dainty finger-tips and the end of her resined bow. She is well known on the concert-stage, and for one season was a soloist for Sousa. She was a pupil of Joachim, of Berlin, and does her master proud. She is also—but she owes that not to art, but to purely natural gift—a rarely beautiful young woman.

—The expedition of Richard Harding Davis and Frederic Remington into Cuba has resulted in a very stirring little book, "Cuba in War Time," just published by R. H. Russell. We are so well acquainted with the interesting and picturesque qualities of Mr. Davis's descriptive writing that this book is no surprise to us so far as picturesque description is concerned; but we are most agreeably surprised that Mr. Davis should have developed, without warning, a capacity to treat large questions of state in a large and most convincing way. Few will read this book without being persuaded that the interest of humanity demands that the United States should in one way or another put an end to the disastrous revolution now devastating the most fertile island in the world. Mr. Remington's pictures are full of life and spirit, and so characteristic of this gifted draughtsman that none of them needed his signature for the purpose of identification. This book, by the way, is the product of three young men of the best modern type, as the publisher, Mr. Russell, belongs to the same class, socially and intellectually, as the author and the artist. The book is a credit to the three, and should be read by all who wish to know the truth as to the situation in Cuba, and by those also who enjoy well-written and appropriately illustrated book, beautifully printed and most tastefully arranged.

—Mr. Carter H. Harrison, who was elected mayor of Chicago the other day, was chosen, no doubt, on the idea that he was a "chip of the old block."

His father was elected to the same office many times, and was serving as chief magistrate of the city when he was shot down by a mad assassin. Young Mr. Harrison may have many of the more solid characteristics of his father, but he has little of the whole-souled and at the same time breezy manner which was one of the father's titles to popularity. That manner was never cultivated outside of Kentucky, and even the present generation of Blue Grass men have it only in a modified form. Mr. Harrison is about thirty-five. He has traveled farther than most

traveled men, having gone into the far East—indeed, around the world. He was associated with his father in the management of the Chicago *Times* and conducted that paper after his father's death up to the time it was united with the *Herald*. What municipal policy he will adopt is not yet known, but it is surmised that he will be liberal rather than Puritanical in his construction of the laws, and that if he does not permit the nameless and other forbidden places to be run "wide open" he will at least not insist that they be closed entirely. Chicago appears to be heartily tired of the hypocrisy which, in that town at least, went hand in hand with civic reform.

—Colonel Gustav Tafel, the newly-elected mayor of Cincinnati, is a prominent lawyer and has had an extensive practice for several years. He is a Democrat, and staked his chances by pressure of his friends against great odds, as that city is largely Republican. Mr. Tafel is very popular, and especially with the German element, having been born in Germany; but he came to the United States with his parents when a child. He has great will power, as is indicated by his picture, and is strong in his convictions, but it is not likely that any radical changes will be made with the advent of the new administration. The Queen City looks upon him with much pride and believes he will make an ideal mayor.

—The men who took any part in the work which Thackeray gave to the world are few and far between nowadays. One of the few of such survivors, Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., has just given to the world a most charming little book, "Thackeray's Haunts and Homes," which has been published by the Scribners. Mr. Crowe made illustrations for some of Thackeray's books, and in planning them was brought into intimate company with this greatest of English novelists. He bears testimony in his book to the noble loveliness of Thackeray's nature, and thus refutes the little two-penny wasps, such as Edmund Yates, for instance, who tried to make us believe that our noble Thackeray was quarrelsome and revengeful. Mr. Crowe's book is beautifully illustrated with drawings by the author. Every lover of Thackeray should have this book, but alas! that is impossible, for the edition is limited.

—In this age of progress every calling seems to be open to the women who have the capacity to acquire a knowledge of its secrets. And into all of the professions women have gone with distinguished success. But none of them has achieved a more marked success than Mrs. Agnes K. Mulligan, of New York, who is a real-estate agent of note and a land appraiser who speaks with the authority of an acknowledged expert. And this distinction Mrs. Mulligan has achieved in a business requiring peculiar capacity, a knowledge of human nature, great quickness of action, and, above all, the tact which controls while seeming to follow. Mrs. Mulligan has an office in which fifteen

clerks are kept busy in attending to the details of her business. She gives personal attention only to the larger affairs of her clients. Among her clients are some of the largest corporations and land-owners in the metropolis, and she is frequently called upon to place a valuation upon property when the parties to a "deal" cannot agree. She is the only woman member of the New York Real Estate Exchange, and she was the first woman to be graduated from the University Law School. She studied law so as to be better qualified to deal in real estate, and she went into business to attend to her father's affairs when he was stricken with illness. She was a Miss Murphy, but her people have been in this country for more than a century. She is entirely American, but not at all a new woman. Indeed, when she speaks of women's rights she conveys the idea in rather hot words that she thinks women have now all the rights they need or know what to do with. She is thirty-two years old, and is proud to own that she is both a happy wife and a happy mother. Let us not cry one fact aloud, however—Mrs. Mulligan does not particularly care for women as clients.

—The most talked-of man in Indiana to-day is John K. Gowdy, recently appointed consul-general to Paris. Mr. Gowdy is one of the leading Republicans of Indiana, and his party friends at least think he deserves the high position which has been bestowed upon him. Mr. Gowdy was chairman of the Indiana campaign committee. He was a McKinley man from the start, and fought bravely for his nomination. Notwithstanding the efforts of other candidates, a solid McKinley delegation was taken to St. Louis. All through the campaign he was every

where in evidence, and everything went along smoothly under his management. He seemed to be the "boss" of the State organization, and the appellation "Oom Jack" was given him. Mr. Gowdy is a farmer, and a plain, practical man. He was

born in Rush County, Indiana, in 1834. His life has not been an eventful one. When quite young he enlisted in the Fifth Indiana Cavalry as a private, serving more than three years. He has dabbled in politics all his life, and for several years operated a newspaper in Rushville. He has no knowledge of the French language, and his enemies—for he has enemies—say that his English limps a trifle. But he will not need English in Paris. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Gowdy and his daughter, Miss Fanny.

—The President has acted upon the suggestion made in his inaugural address, and has appointed a monetary commission to gather information about an international standard of coinage and to discuss this great matter with the officials and the authorities in other countries. This commission consists of ex-Vice-President Stevenson, Senator Wolcott, and General Charles J. Paine, of Boston. With Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Wolcott the public is well acquainted, but General Paine has a large fame only as a yachtsman. But he is a man of fine mind without hampering prejudices.

In regard to international bimetallism he agreed thoroughly with the late Francis A. Walker. In politics he is said to lean towards the Democracy, but last year he voted for McKinley. He is largely interested in Western railroads, notably the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. Although a lawyer, his time is wholly taken up by his large financial interests, and he is seldom seen in the courts. He is sixty-four, but does not look it. He won his title in the Civil War. He left Massachusetts as a captain, and he brought home with him as a tribute to his bravery at Fort Fisher a brevet major-generalship. As a yachtsman he has won great fame. Three times he defended the America's Cup, with the *Puritan*, the *Mayflower*, and then the *Volunteer*. In 1895 he had the *Jubilee* in the field as a defender, but she was not the lucky boat selected to sail against the *Valkyrie*.

—Strangers on meeting Mrs. McKinley are frequently surprised to discover that she is by no means the fragile and delicate woman she has been represented to be. She is, in fact, capable at times of sustained nervous and muscular endurance. She is undeniably a pretty woman, and the only thing that detracts from the charm of her refined face, with its delicate, clean-cut features, is her hair, which, while being short, is devoid of curl. Mrs. McKinley impresses one as being rather tall for a woman, and she is very graceful. She is fond of books and is intellectual. Her clothes have surprised Washington. There was some uncertainty as to what kind of toilettes might come from Chicago, where most of her inauguration gowns were fashioned, but the Chicago dressmakers have more than satisfied the scrutiny of Washington's critics.

—Among the younger writers of American fiction Miss Molly Elliot Seawell has made for herself a distinctive and distinguished place.

She has done this in a field in which women hitherto have not shone with particular brilliance. It is true that women have constructed the historical romance before Miss Seawell essayed it, but none of them, we believe, have succeeded in stories of the sea, stories in which ship fought with ship and man battled with man. What is best, perhaps, from our standpoint, about Miss Seawell's romantic tales is that they are taken from the annals of our

own navy, and that they are filled from beginning to end with the records of the bravery which made our flag respected on every sea. No one can read her naval stories without having his patriotism awakened and his respect for our heroes of the past kindled into fresh life. In this regard Miss Seawell has done excellent service, for she has always had the advantage of a very large audience. When Miss Seawell was a very young girl she went into journalism, and she did most surprising work, considering her age, her sex, and her experience. She never wrote fashion notes or gathered gossip, but discussed in the best journals of the country the great questions of the day. And she did this with an understanding most unusual in a woman, and with piquant wit impossible in a man. She has given journalism up of late, however, and devotes her whole time to purely literary work. She lives in a trim little house in Washington, and bestows upon her friends so large a hospitality that the narrowness of her small rooms is forgotten and her guests are made to feel, though with no effort on her part, that they are in an old-time mansion, transplanted from the other side of the Potomac for their especial pleasure.



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A REGIMENT OF TURKISH CAVALRY WITH THE COMMANDING GENERAL AND STAFF.



A DETACHMENT OF TURKISH LANCERS.

### THE GRECIAN-TURKISH WAR—TURKISH TROOPS ON THE FRONTIER OF THESSALY.

The sultan, on the 17th of April, ordered the commander of his army in Macedonia, Edhem Pasha, to attack the Greek army in Thessaly. Fighting has ensued ever since with varying success. The Turks can put in the field upwards of seven hundred thousand men, while the full strength of the Greeks is one hundred and fifty thousand. At the beginning of hostilities the Greeks had sixty thousand in the field and the Turks one hundred thousand. If Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia and Montenegro, with the Greeks of Macedonia, should rise against the Turks the contending forces would be about equal. Such an uprising would surely lead to a general European war. At sea the Greeks are quite as strong as the Turks, if not actually stronger. April 17th the Turkish batteries at Preveza, on the Gulf of Arta, sunk a Greek transport. The fort was at once attacked by the Greek war-ship *Aktion* and the batteries silenced. The sultan has ordered all Greek subjects to leave Turkey within fifteen days. In the Greek Chambers, Premier Delyannis announced: "Turkey declares war on us, and we accept it." This announcement was received with prolonged applause.

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## MISS PARKE'S LOAN.

BY JOHN J. A. BECKET.



OWARD AMORY was in a torturing frame of mind as he feverishly stalked up Madison Avenue that October evening at quarter-past one. The cool air which refreshed his throbbing temples also awakened the goading conviction of what a tremendous ass he had been. Three hundred and sixty dollars dropped at that "little poker game," because he had stayed in with the fool notion that his luck must change. Pretty high rolling, on his modest income, gambling to the tune of a hundred dollars an hour!

But that was not the worst of it. He had paid sixty dollars down and given his cheque to the Chicago man for three hundred. And he now remembered that he had only twenty dollars balance at the bank! He had heard somebody say that the Chicago man was to leave town the next afternoon. He didn't know his address, so he could make no arrangement with him. To give a cheque that would not be honored, in order to pay "a debt of honor," was a fine way of living up to the ideal of a gentleman. How could

he have been such a colossal idiot? What with being heated with the drinks and the excitement of the play, he had lost sight of these things. They were in view now, and loomed so big that he could see nothing else.

Amory had only recently transferred his residence from Boston to New York. He did not know any one there well enough to borrow the money of them, and he must have it at the bank in the morning, or else—the deluge! What could he do? If he only pulled out of this hole he promised himself not to fall into another such kindergarten pit.

While his brain was getting sore from the reiterated question and his benumbed inability to find any answer to it, he saw the door of a house, several doors ahead of him, open. A young woman, wrapped in a white silk cloak, and with a white lace scarf wound round her head, came out, and after a quick, laughing "Good-night," gathered her pink skirt up, tripped down the steps, and walked hurriedly up the street.

It struck Amory as strange that she should be without an escort at that time of night. He concluded that she probably lived only a few doors away. This supposition was correct, for she ran up the steps of a house only two or three away from the corner of the next block. Moreover, as she disappeared within the storm-door, Amory heard the door of the house below close. Some one had evidently stood watching her until she got home.

She had walked rapidly, and Amory was moving along with thoughtful slowness. When he got to the house she had entered he looked up carelessly. She had gone in, for he saw nothing of her through the plate-glass panels. But something white showed beneath the door. Thinking she had dropped her glove or handkerchief, and that it would be better to put it fully inside, where it could not attract the attention of some one not as honest as himself, he tip-toed up the steps.

He opened the door and saw the young woman lying in a heap on the floor! She must have fallen in a faint. His first impulse was to ring the bell. He was on the point of doing so when his eye caught sight of the flashing splendor of a magnificent sunburst of diamonds on her corsage. He also noted on her plump wrist a bracelet thickly set with rubies and diamonds. Suddenly an idea darted into his mind and held him breathless by the audacity of its inspiration. If he had those he could save himself. Not to steal them! Perish the thought. The devil would only have wasted his time by suggesting that to Howard Amory. He was too innately a gentleman to prefer theft to misery, or to spare himself a conventional public dishonor by incurring a far greater secret one. But if he took them, pawned them, paid this infernal "debt of honor," and later, when he got his next remittance, redeemed and secretly restored them, what would it be, in fact, but an unconventional borrowing of the gems?

It did not take long to think all this. But perhaps she had rung the bell before she fainted. He waited a moment, which seemed five. No one came. He wondered if the sunburst came off easily. One good way to find out was to try. He did, and

the jewel was detached without difficulty. The bracelet was also taken from her wrist with little effort.

Then a panic seized him. What a criminat position he was in, if any one were to see him! Some people would not believe in that quixotic way of borrowing. But it would be more difficult to get them on again than taking them off had been. She might revive and scream, and there he would be, ruined! He knew he would return them later. There was really no sophistry or self-deception in that. If he left them there, without fastening them upon her, some thief might steal them. The material side of his action could not be discriminated from larceny, but he knew it was not that. These gems would be his salvation, and their brief absence from their owner could hardly cause her inconvenience. She couldn't catch cold or lose flesh from not wearing a diamond sunburst for a few days.

He slipped them into his pocket. It was enforcing his position by burning his bridges behind him. Then he gave a strong push on the annunciator-button, ran lightly down the steps, and, darting a glance up and down the street to see if any one was in sight, crossed hastily to the opposite side and stood in the dark shadow of a basement. He could not go away without affording what assistance he could to his unconscious benefactress.

In a moment the light was turned up in the hall and the door opened. The servant gave a start, then lifted the young woman, bore her into the house, and closed the door.

Amory sprang out from the basement and walked hurriedly towards his rooms. Prudence and the humiliating consciousness of how like he looked to a thief made him turn down the next corner. The servant might notice the loss of the jewels and come out to see if any one was in sight. There they were in his pocket, and if they were found there nobody would question that he was a thief. The "Back Bay" would tremble with the shock, and his friends would congratulate Boston on his having gone to New York to practice his new profession. However, there they were in his pocket, and he would have the difficulty of getting them back to their owner in any case. He might as well, now, reap the benefit of this peculiar accommodation Providence (?) had thrust on him, pawn them, pay his debt, and redeem and restore them as soon as his remittance arrived.

Early the next morning he feverishly read the papers to see if there was any account of the unprecedented borrowing of the night before. Of course there was not. But it might be in the evening papers, and, at all events, they would let the police know, and it would not then be safe to take them to a pawnbroker. He hurried at once to a Bowery shop with the three golden balls emblazoned on its windows, and raised four hundred and fifty dollars on the two pieces. It was a small part even of what the pawnbroker was willing to advance, but Amory only wished to "borrow" what he needed, and would not jeopardize a certainty of being able "to get them out" when his money came.

He rushed to the bank and deposited four hundred dollars. The Chicago man, happily, had not presented the cheque. So that was all right. He drew a long breath of relief. But now that he had warded off this immediate danger, the "loan" began to weigh on his mind. "His honor rooted in dishonor stood." If he should lose the pawn-ticket! Or if some one should see it! Then he would have the loathsome feeling of being a thief come up rudely before his mind. He wasn't that.

He knew he wasn't. It was a most peculiar "loan," he would admit, inasmuch as there was only one consenting party to the transfer. Amory reflected that even that one was not as consenting as he might be. His logic was not all comforting, and he was miserably worried. What if he should die? Then he would have to betray himself to somebody that the jewels might be returned. He had written down the number of the house, so that he could not possibly forget it.

The next afternoon he got a note from a wealthy cousin of his. He and she had always been the warmest friends. The note told him that Miss Weathersbee had just returned from Europe and was going to give a small dinner at the Waldorf the next evening. He must not fail her.

Amory was glad of any distraction, and felt particularly pleased to meet his cousin. He was paying an "interest" on his "loan" which made the pawnbroker's rate ridiculously petty. He sent an acceptance at once.

Imagine his delight at the dinner to find opposite him Miss Parke, a charming, vivacious girl, and—the young woman who had so kindly "lent" him her jewels! She made such a pleasant impression on him that if he had suffered tortures before he underwent torment now.

It gave him a grim feeling of satisfaction to see that she wore a large crescent of particularly fine diamonds. He had not, then, put her to any great inconvenience in the matter of precious stones for her adornment. Probably she had two or three more sunbursts lying round at home. Perhaps a tiara or two.

In the course of the dinner the same sort of fascination that leads a murderer to return to the scene of his crime made Amory comment on the exquisite quality of the stones in Miss Parke's crescent.

"Yes," she said, lightly, "it is rather handsome. The stones were so carefully selected. I am glad I did not have this on night before last, for I was robbed in the most ridiculous manner."

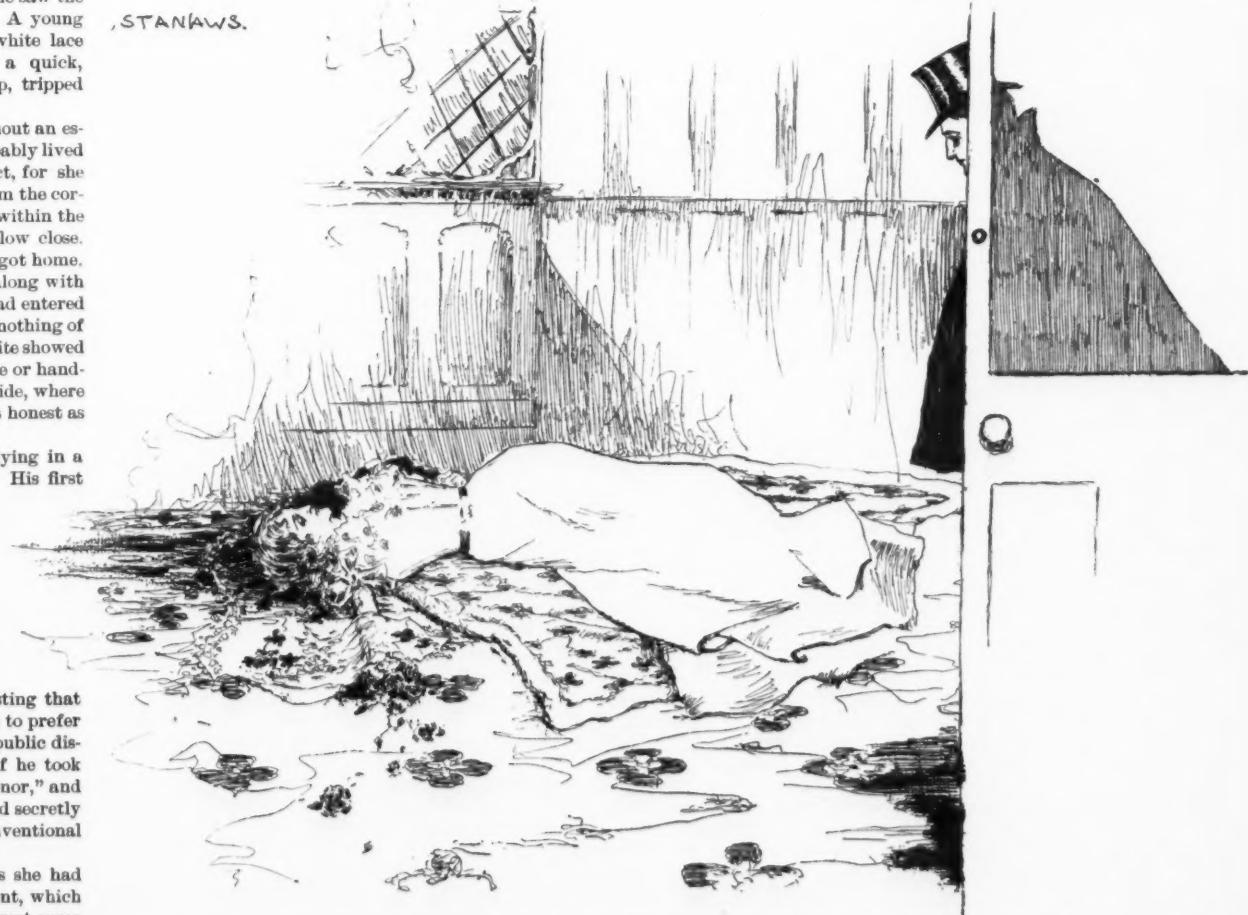
"Robbed!" cried Miss Weathersbee, while all the guests looked astonished and interested. At least Amory devoutly hoped that all did. He could not see his own face.

Miss Parke narrated the event of the evening in question, naturally telling it from her standpoint, to Amory's deep enjoyment. He wondered if his face could look as red as it felt hot. Talk of the ingenious tortures of the Inquisition!

"I suppose the thief"—Amory winced as the girl uttered the word in her clear, carrying voice—"got frightened or he would have taken my watch and my rings," she said, smiling. "Can you imagine anything so absurd as to faint in that way after I got inside the vestibule and before I rang the bell? When I disappeared inside the storm-door the Van Dorns, who watched me home, supposed everything was all right, and went in the house. If I had rung before I fainted, the thief"—Amory drained his champagne-glass feverishly—"couldn't have stolen the things before the servant would have come. There is one odd thing about this: the Van Dorns say there was nobody in sight except quite an elegant-looking man in evening clothes. It must have been some one who saw me go in, because otherwise who would have known I was up there inside the door in a faint? So I am wondering whether it could have been he."

Miss Parke brought her bright, clear eyes to bear on Amory as if to consult him on the point.

STANAWS.



"HE OPENED THE DOOR AND SAW THE YOUNG WOMAN LYING IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR!"

"In Boston we don't burgle in evening clothes, as a rule," he observed, with a somewhat forced smile. "But we are provincial. Of course there is no intrinsic repugnance in a thief's being in a gentleman's clothes. The reverse I should suppose impossible."

"Well, the thief"—Amory winced inwardly and wondered how such a pretty girl should seem to like to use that horrid word—"wasn't altogether bad; for, although he couldn't stop to steal any more, he had the politeness to ring the bell so I shouldn't lie there and catch cold. Wasn't that nice in him?"

"A gentleman could hardly do less," said Amory, thoughtlessly.

"A gentleman? No. But I thought you said it couldn't have been a gentleman."

"How do you know that the man rang the bell?" asked one of the guests, a lawyer in the district-attorney's office.

"Why, Thomas said he came as soon as he heard the bell, and I was there in a faint and with my brooch and bracelet stolen. Who else could it have been?"

"Why not Thomas?" inquired the lawyer, quietly.

"Oh, I never thought of such a thing," cried Miss Parke. "I won't think it now. He has been with us for ten years, and is the most faithful soul in the world. Pray don't anybody think it was Thomas."

"We couldn't think it was Thomas if we wanted to," said Amory. "I would go on the stand and swear it wasn't Thomas," he said, with mock fervor, but a real desire to shield the poor servant from even a shadow of suspicion.

"Thanks! I feel that you know it wasn't that dear old soul," replied Miss Parke, with a gay laugh.

It was a charming dinner-party for Amory. He realized that his mind was slightly tottering when he discovered that he was helping himself to an olive with his fork. That lovely, jolly girl, who had so kindly loaned him her jewels, seemed to have turned the pawn-ticket (he had it in his waistcoat pocket, of course) into a hot plate of metal over his heart. He was afraid it would burn itself out and betray him to everybody, like the "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*" of the old Babylonian's feast. What an irony of fate, that this souvenir of his benefactress's bounty should be such an awful wall between them.

The next morning at half-past ten he called on his cousin at the Waldorf. He had tossed and turned and rolled on his bed all night like a porpoise. He could not stand it. It was unendurable. Miss Weathersbee was just through her breakfast, and in a few moments entered the Moorish room, smiling brightly.

"Howard, I am glad to see you so prompt with your *visite de digestion*. I shouldn't have expected such punctiliousness in a man who helped himself to olives by spearing them with a fork," she added, teasingly.

"Amy," he said, solemnly, "if I didn't take my champagne with a spoon, or put walnuts on the floor and crack them with my heel, it proves my marvelous powers of self-control. How do you think a strait-jacket would go with my style of beauty? My dearest girl, this is a *visite d'indigestion*. I am in a deuce of a hole, suffering the torments of the what-you-may-call-em. I have an obligation to meet—a debt of honor—and I've got to raise five hundred dollars, or else practice pistol-shooting with myself for the target. Can you let me have it? I can pay you when I get my remittance, which will be within ten days. It will be a tremendous favor."

Miss Weathersbee's brow went into little puckers and she pursed her lips.

"Howard, you come at a bad time," she said, slowly. "I've spent a lot of money in Europe and was going to economize so as to make it up. But still you wouldn't ask it if you didn't need it, and I can let you have it. Wait a minute, till I put on my things, and we'll go up to the Fifth Avenue Bank and get it. That will be nicer than giving you a check."

"You are a darling!" cried Amory, gratefully. "I will give you a short note for it."

"Oh, that isn't necessary," she said, rising. "It's a debt of honor, and I know that is quite enough where you are concerned."

"Bless her!" thought Amory to himself. "I wonder if she and I are both mistaken, for I feel that way myself—or shall, as soon as I get Miss Parke's jewels back to her."

That afternoon Miss Parke was called by the servant to see a messenger-boy who had a package which he had been told to deliver into her own hands, and she was to give him a receipt for it. Somewhat surprised, she did so. She imagined it was a present. It was far more of a surprise than one, for it contained her jewels and a letter. It was type-written, and ran as follows:

"DEAR LADY:—That your jewels are hereby returned is proof of the statement they were taken only as a 'loan.' That you were an unconscious party to this most grateful accommodation does not prevent the deep thankfulness of the borrower. You may be pleased to know that your precious stones, during this brief vacation, have saved a good name from dishonor. Yet if it should ever be my melancholy fate to steal anything, I doubt if I can feel much more like a thief than I have since I so unconventionally borrowed these baubles. Pray believe that the satisfaction of knowing that these beautiful gems are restored to their happy lot of lying close to charms which their effort to adorn only results in dimming their own radiance, is far greater than that which their temporary use brought to the writer."

"Like that noble Queen of Spain who bestowed her jewels on one who wished to discover an unknown world, you, by this 'loan' of yours, have enabled one reared in a world of honor not to lose his native land."

"If, in your heart, you will regard this unique transaction as a 'loan,' as I have done from the beginning, you will add one last touch to the irredeemable indebtedness of THE BORROWER."

"Why, how perfectly charming!" cried Miss Parke, rippling into a smile. "He doesn't write a bit like a— But he wasn't. I 'lent' them to you, as you say—of course I did—and you are so delightfully original I wish I could meet you some time—when I wasn't in a faint."

Of course she did meet him. But it was several weeks later before she knew that he was Howard Amory. It was not so long after that she made an appointment to meet him again, at the end of a short walk with her father up the centre aisle of St. Thomas's Church. The sunburst she wore on that occasion was a wedding present from Mr. Amory, and was really more beautiful than the one he had "borrowed."

## The Greek National Society.

THERE are some ten million Greeks in the different countries in southeastern Europe, and a very large per cent. of them are leagued in the Ethnike Hetaria, or national society. It is due to this society that the scattered Greeks over the world are hastening to Athens with martial spirit that has scarcely been witnessed since the days of the Crusaders. Greeks here in America are making efforts to return home to arms at this moment, such as, I venture to say, no other race would make. Many of them are under a most solemn oath of this society, and all of them are permeated with its spirit.

The Ethnike Hetaria had its origin among Greek refugees in Russia about a century ago. In 1821 Sultan Mahmoud realized for the first time that the whole of his empire in Europe was becoming honey-combed with this dangerous secret society. Greeks in the shadow of his seraglio were members, as they are to-day in the palace of Abdul Hamid. He had them assassinated by the hundreds, even putting to death the Greek patriarch in Constantinople and hanging his head on the walls of the city as a warning to the Hetaria. This one most atrocious act fired the whole of Greece. Archbishop Germanos, of Athens, unfurled a Hetarist flag and marched to battle. The other day Crown Prince Constantine unfurled the same blood-stained flag, that is now kissed by the breeze on the Turkish frontier.

Since the deliverance of Greece, in 1821, which was largely accomplished through the Hetaria, until the present crisis, this society has flourished without interruption. There are some fifty thousand members in Constantinople, and the Greeks in every village and town in Turkey are leagued by it. On the island of Crete the society began the present uprising. Many intelligent Greeks believe that all Greeks throughout Turkey are so organized by this society that they will be able to create a conflagration all over the sultan's empire and keep the Turks so busy in every neighborhood that they will not have time to get to the front.

The prime policy of this national society in the present crisis is to regain possession of all the ancient territory of Greece, such as Macedonia, Thrace, Crete, etc. Mount Olympus, Greece's most sacred historic spot, is still owned by the Turks, and it is around this mountain that the first battles will be fought. In the territory mentioned, more Greeks live than within the borders of Greece itself; and the hope of the Hetaria is to unite all these Greeks and make modern Greece to the world what ancient Greece was.

The order originally consisted of three circles or wheels with wheels. It has been increased to four. In the outer circles are to be found the great masses of Greeks who are able to scrape together the amount of about one hundred dollars, the initiation fee. The members of this circle know nothing of the next, which also knows nothing of the next. The president is supposed to be Monsieur Cousins, an Athenian. He is spoken of as such, but that is uncertain.

The form of initiation and the oath of the Hetaria are as solemn and impressive as could be well imagined. Three Greeks meet in some small room at midnight—the candidate, the official of the ceremony, and a witness. A single taper burns on a table covered with black cloth. Standing upon the table, and silhouetted against the darkness, are a skull and cross-bones. Before this sombre and grievesome display the Greek kneels. While in this position the priest caps the scene with the image of the Cross. The candidate is sworn to support the Hetaria first. Many questions are asked and many ceremonies are gone through. Then the priest receives the candidate with these solemn words: "Before the face of the invisible and omnipotent God, who in His essence is just, the avenger of transgressors, the chastiser of evil, by the law of the Hetaria and by the authority with which its powerful priest has intrusted me, I receive you as I was myself received into the bosom of the Hetaria."

The novice, still on his knees before the holy sign of the Cross, repeats after the priest a most solemn oath, which ends: "I swear that henceforward I will not enter into any other society or bond of obligation, but whatever bond or whatever else I may possess in this world I will hold as nothing compared to the Hetaria. I swear that I will nourish in my heart irreconcilable hatred against the tyrants of my race, their followers and their forerunners. I will exert every method for their injury, and, when circumstances will permit, for their destruction. Last of all, I swear by thee, my sacred and suffering country—[this part of the oath refers to that part of Greek territory owned now by Turkey]—I swear by the long-endured tortures, I swear by the bitter tears that have been shed by thy unhappy children, by my own tears—which I am pouring out at this moment; I swear by the future liberation of my countrymen, that I consecrate myself wholly to thee, that henceforth these shall be the cause and object of my thought, thy name the guide of my actions, and thy happiness the recompense of my labors."

After reading that solemn oath, who can wonder that the Pan-Hellenes are in arms to-day against the most relentless and cruel master that ever scourged a people?

D. F. ST. CLAIR.

## The Vagaries of Office-seekers.

THERE have been some curious illustrations of the absurdities of office-seeking in the present administration. Recently, a Western Congressman received a visit from a stranger who said he thought of going West. It had occurred to him that he might begin well on the Pacific slope if he could obtain the position of postmaster at a certain city. His family knew Mr. McKinley, and he was sure if the Congressman would recommend him he would be appointed. He was informed that the carpet-bagger rides on his rides no more, and that some one whose family did not know Major McKinley would probably have the Congressman's endorsement.

Another man complacently announced to his friends some time ago that he expected to get an important foreign mission, because he knew personally a cousin of the prime minister of the country to which he expected to be sent.

A frequent claim put forward by applicants for foreign appointments is that of foreign nativity. The naturalized German picks out a good consulate in Germany and tries to impress

the administration with the advantage which his knowledge of the country will give him. Now, the experience of the State Department shows that a native of Germany is far less acceptable to the German government in a consular or diplomatic position than a native American; and this is true of other countries. It is a rule of the State Department not to send men to the countries in which they were born. There are several reasons for this. One of them is found in the peculiarities of class distinction in Europe. Our diplomats and our consuls have a certain official social standing abroad. It might embarrass high officials of other countries to receive as our representative a man who belonged, in his native land, to the peasant class.

Mr. Cleveland's order placing almost all the government clerkships of every class under civil-service rules has simplified the situation for President McKinley in one way and complicated it in another. It has not lessened materially the number of applicants for office, and it has lessened the power of the administration to satisfy them; but on the other hand it has supplied an effective answer to applicants, and the appointment clerks in the departments find it as valuable as the interstate commerce law is to the railroads. The railroad manager now says to the unwelcome applicant for a pass: "We regret that the interstate commerce law prevents," etc. And the department people in the same way dispose of the importunate office-seeker with "the civil-service law" and expressions of regret.

In the last administration the most persistent applicant for place was the man who put together the doggerel of "Four more years of Grover," which was sung in the Chicago convention to the air of "Baby." In the administration of General Harrison one successful office-seeker was a man who recited "Sheridan's Ride" with dramatic effect in an interval of the nominating convention. Under Mr. Cleveland, twelve years ago, a fat office was given to a man whose sole claim was the fact that he had been one of the clerks of the Democratic convention; and this place was given to him, not because of political services, but because he had a penetrating voice. Such strange and illogical claims as these are made the basis of a demand for office which very often is successful from its sheer audacity.

Secretary Long, of the Navy Department, told me recently that he had profound sympathy for the office-seeker. Perhaps if the navy yards were not under a strict merit system, and he found himself pulled this way and that by Congressmen wanting little favors for their friends, his views would change. Secretary Long has nothing but sympathy for the office-seeker, for his department is wholly without patronage. So is the War Department. Yet one-third of the personal mail which has come to the Secretary of the Navy in the last month is from men seeking his influence to obtain appointments for them in other branches of the executive service. And when I told General Alger, before he came to Washington, how the office-seekers were pursuing Governor Long, he said, with a sigh: "I'm glad he is getting some of the letters."

But neither of these has to endure so much as the Secretary of State; for almost all the general patronage left is in the foreign service. The post-offices and the collectorships and the other local appointments are made on the recommendation of Congressmen. With the exception of the foreign offices and the few Presidential offices at Washington, there is no general patronage to distribute. Secretary Sherman is able to view the scramble for foreign places with equanimity. He has nothing to gain by making political friends. Besides, he has never believed in using patronage for personal ends. When he was Secretary of the Treasury he left the matter of appointments to his subordinates.

As for President McKinley, to whom the office-seeker usually applies in person, he sees very few of the applicants and encourages a still smaller number. He is going, for the present, to subordinate the distribution of patronage to the enactment of the legislation needed to put his country on the high road to prosperity again.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

## The Building of the Grant Monument.

DEDICATED with the solemn pomp and splendor of a pageant unprecedented in this republic, and but rarely matched in any country's history, the monument reared over the tomb of General Grant, beside the Hudson River at New York, takes its place among the mausoleums that stand for the memory of the world's great heroes against the oblivion of time. Not Napoleon's tomb in Paris, nor Hadrian's by the Tiber at Rome, nor that of Theodoric the Goth in the marches of Ravenna, occupies so commanding a site as this well-befitting memorial to the American warrior chief who led the armies of the Union to victory, and who, like Washington, twice held the highest office in the gift of the nation he had helped to save.

When, in the early summer of the year 1885, General Grant was laboring, under the shadow of his lingering and fatal illness, to complete those "Personal Memoirs" which are the literary monument to his fame, he designated New York City as his choice for a burial-place, and where, eventually, his wife should be entombed beside him. He died on the 23d of July, 1885, and, with the imposing ceremonies so well remembered, his body was placed in the temporary vault that it was destined to occupy for nearly twelve years, during the building of the permanent structure now completed. This Riverside Park site, on the picturesque promontory rising one hundred and thirty feet above the Hudson, was selected by the Grant family, in conjunction with Mr. William R. Grace, who was at that time mayor of the city.

The Grant Monument Association was organized in February, 1886, under an act of the Legislature, and its first president was Chester A. Arthur, who, being shortly afterward stricken with his fatal illness, was succeeded in that capacity by Mr. Sidney Dillon. In April, 1887, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt became president of the association, and he was followed, in February, 1888, by ex-Mayor Grace. The total sum raised by contributions up to this time amounted to one hundred and fourteen thousand dollars, or less than one-fifth of the sum required for the monument, the cost of which had been fixed at six hundred thousand dollars.



GENERAL GRANT IN CIVIL LIFE, AFTER RETIRING FROM THE PRESIDENCY.  
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MRS. GRANT IN HER SITTING-ROOM IN WASHINGTON.  
A recent photograph by B. M. Clindestinst.

Meanwhile, competitive designs were submitted by prominent architects, and in September, 1890, the association adopted that of Mr. J. H. Duncan, of New York, which design has been adhered to almost without modification. Ground was broken for the foundations April 27th, 1891, on which occasion an oration was delivered by General Horace Porter, subsequently president of the monument association, and under whose able and enthusiastic direction the work was brought to its present triumphant consummation.

When General Porter assumed this noble but arduous task—in February, 1892—the monument fund had been brought up to one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars, and there stuck fast. Public interest in the project had flagged, and New York was in danger of national disgrace through failing to fulfill the obligation which her citizens had been eager to assume. General Porter at once reorganized the monument association, increased the number of trustees from thirty-three to one hundred, and, with Mr. James C. Reed as secretary and Mr. Frederick D. Tappen as treasurer—all officers serving without compensation—entered upon a vigorous campaign of publicity and promotion. It was necessary to raise three hundred and fifty thousand dollars more, without delay; and the officers of the association determined to fight it out on that line if it should take all summer. As a matter of fact, it took them just sixty days. On the following Decoration Day, May 30th, 1892, the announcement was made that the entire amount, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, had been secured. Subsequent subscriptions during the year increased this to four hundred and four thousand dollars. This all came from the people of the city of New York, with the exception of \$38,115.20, which represented contributions received from Brooklyn, from the interior of New York State, and from a few other States. Assuming that the average amount of the individual subscriptions to the sum of one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars originally secured was the same as that of the subsequent fund raised, General Porter estimates the number of contributors to the entire fund to be, in round numbers, ninety thousand. The interest accruing to the money deposited, together with additional small subscriptions received from time to time, bring the fund nearly to the six hundred thousand dollars required for the completion of the monument and the sarcophagus.

The corner-stone of the structure was laid April 27th (General Grant's birthday anniversary), 1892, in the presence of General Harrison, then President of the United States, and his Cabinet; and with ceremonies including prayer by Dr. John Hall, an address by General Porter, and an oration by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. The box then sealed within the corner-stone contains: A copy of the Constitution of the United States, of the Declaration of Independence, of the Articles of Confederation, and of the Bible; the "Memoirs" of General Grant; a list of contributors of flowers; the prayer offered by the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, and the address by General John A. Logan on the occasion of the first memorial services held at the temporary tomb, May 30th, 1886; Mayor Grant's proclamation, dated April 8th, 1892, to the citizens of New York, calling attention to the work of building the monument; a new American flag made of silk; a badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, and of the military order of the Loyal Legion; eleven medals struck at United States mints commemorative of events in the life of General Grant; one complete proof set of United States gold and silver coins, and copies of various newspapers and periodicals.

The monument, which now stands complete in its classic grandeur, is of a flawless Maine granite, so light in color as to present almost the effect of marble. It is beautifully symmetrical in its proportions, consisting of a square temple-like

structure in the Grecian Doric style, crowned with an Ionic circular cupola, and a pyramidal or conical top, on which will stand a sculptured group, representing a chariot of victory drawn by four horses, one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, and nearly three hundred feet above the Hudson River. The interior of the mausoleum is cruciform, with arches connecting the piers of masonry at the four corners, and supporting a circular gallery roofed by the dome. The decorations, in high-relief sculpture, are by Mr. J. Massey Rhind. The sarcophagus, of red porphyry quarried in Wisconsin, in which is deposited the coffin holding the remains of General Grant, rests upon its stone pedestal in the crypt, under the centre of the dome, and in plain view from the floor and gallery above—an arrangement very similar to that of the tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides, in Paris.

### The Parade and Dedication.

NEW YORK CITY, on April 27th, 1897, becomes the Mecca of American patriotism, and the object of congratulatory salutations from the entire civilized world. To honor the immortal memory of the nation's hero, who sleeps here beside the historic and beautiful stream, the Empire City has reared the monumental sepulchre now dedicated with such imposing and magnificent pageantry.

In these dedication ceremonies are marshaled all the elements of our national life. The President and the Vice-President of the United States, the Governors of the various States of the Union, the two houses of the Federal Congress, and the representatives of foreign nations at Washington, together with the State and municipal executives of New York, and public organizations of all kinds, come to participate in the great function. As befits the celebration in honor of General Grant, the United States army constitutes the grand feature of the parade, in a military display probably unequaled in this country since the close of the war. The Confederate veterans, too, unite with those who marched with Grant, and make the pilgrimage to the tomb of the magnanimous victor who said, "Let us have peace." The navy, likewise, is represented by the splendid new warships of the North Atlantic Squadron, anchored in the broad Hudson at the foot of the monument, where a large number of foreign vessels have also come to join in the demonstration. The entire National Guard of New York turns out, and that of many other States participates with distinguished representation.

To say that New York is *en fête*, does not adequately express the brave display of patriotic colors and decorations throughout the length and breadth of Manhattan Island, and on the shipping in the harbor; nor the preparations made on a vast scale for the accommodation of an unprecedented multitude of visitors and sight-seers, which cannot fall much short of a million; nor the spirit of expectancy and enthusiasm that pervades the entire community. April 27th is a legal holiday by act of Legislature, and a popular holiday by universal acclamation. Business is suspended, schools are closed, and the whole life of the metropolis, for the moment, seems to centre in that one great artery, which is the line of march to the monument.

The grand marshal of the mighty parade is Major-General Grenville M. Dodge, one of the oldest surviving corps commanders who served under General Grant in the Army of the Tennessee. His principal aids are: General A. Noel Blakeman, chief-of-staff; Colonel H. C. Corbin, United States Army, adjutant general; Captain John A. Johnston, assistant adjutant-general; Colonel William Cary Sanger, National Guard, State of New York, inspector-general; and General T. F. Roden-

bough, special aid. The general plan of the parade embraces three grand divisions. First, the military grand division, composed of all military organizations, the regular army, United States Marines, United States Seamen, National Guard and Naval Reserves and independent companies, commanded by Major-General Wesley Merritt, United States Army; second, the veterans' grand division, composed of the Grand Army of the Republic, Union Veteran Union, Sons of Veterans, and all other army veteran organizations, and commanded by Major-General O. O. Howard, United States Army; third, the civic grand division, composed of all civic organizations.

General Dodge's formal orders embrace the following details: "The parade will assemble in the vicinity of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue on the morning of April 27th, and will form in the order to be designated hereafter. It will proceed by the most convenient route to the monument, where it will be reviewed by the President of the United States. At the point of dismissal it will be reviewed by the grand marshal and commanders of grand divisions. The formation will be as follows: The mounted staffs of all commanders of divisions and brigades where the number will permit, and all mounted escorts will form in platoons of eight files front. Military organizations will march in close column of companies, at a distance of eight paces, with fourteen files, including guides. All civic organizations will march in companies of single rank at a distance of four paces, fourteen files, including guides."

The resolution adopted by the military committee provides that "banners, flags, mottoes, and devices that designate and are applicable to the organization, together with the American flag and other patriotic emblems, alone will be admitted in the parade."

Admiral Bunce commands the naval display. Frank G. Osborn, who acts as rear-admiral in the parade, was once an acting officer in the navy, and in the Washington Centennial parade of 1889 he was assigned the rank of commodore. Admiral Bunce has the North Atlantic Squadron back from Fortress Monroe, and at its spring rendezvous in New York harbor. He sends fifteen hundred marines and blue-jackets to march in the land parade.

The committee on the marine parade consists of George D. F. Barton, Alonzo B. Cornell, General Howard Carroll, Admiral Henry Erben, Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, Commodore George J. Gould, Commodore S. Nicholas Kane, Captain Alfred T. Mahan, Henry K. McHarg, Commander Jacob W. Miller, General Edward C. O'Brien, Albert R. Shattuck, General Benjamin F. Tracy, Alfred Van Santvoord, William C. Whitney, William L. Strong, Elihu Root.

The Hudson River, from the bay to Fort Lee, presents a spectacle beyond comparison, unless the Columbian celebration of 1892 be recalled. In addition to the North Atlantic Squadron and the foreign war-ships, the fleet assembled includes five revenue-cutters and eleven light-house tenders, besides a very large number of vessels of all sorts, including several of the transatlantic liners. The flag-ship *New York*, from the bridge of which Admiral Bunce directs the naval parade, heads the procession. The merchant marine, decorated for the occasion, starting from the rendezvous at the mouth of the Hudson, passes up, keeping close to the New York shore, rounds to at the Grant tomb, and returns down the New Jersey shore, the war-ships constituting the point of rest in this pageant, as they lie at anchor in mid-stream, and join in the salutes.

The address of President McKinley, and that of General Horace Porter, the orator of the day, constitute the main features of the literary programme of the ceremonial, and the culmination of an event destined to stand in New York's history as one of the most interesting occurrences recorded.



### APPOMATTOX.

GENERAL GRANT ENTERING THE MCLEAN HOUSE TO RECEIVE THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE'S ARMY.

"General Grant's behavior at Appomattox was marked by a desire to spare the feelings of his great opponent. There was no theatrical display ; his troops were not paraded with bands playing and banners flying, before whose lines the Confederates must march and stack arms. He did not demand Lee's sword, as is customary, but actually apologized to him for not having his own, saying it had been left behind in the wagon ; promptly stopped salutes from being fired to mark the event, and the terms granted were liberal and generous. 'No man could have behaved better than General Grant did under the circumstances,' said Lee,"—*Fitzhugh Lee in Life of General Lee*.

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COURT-HOUSE AT ROSEDALE SURROUNDED BY WATER.



A RESIDENCE NEAR GUNNISON, MISSISSIPPI.



RAILROAD EMBANKMENT AT GUNNISON, MISSISSIPPI.

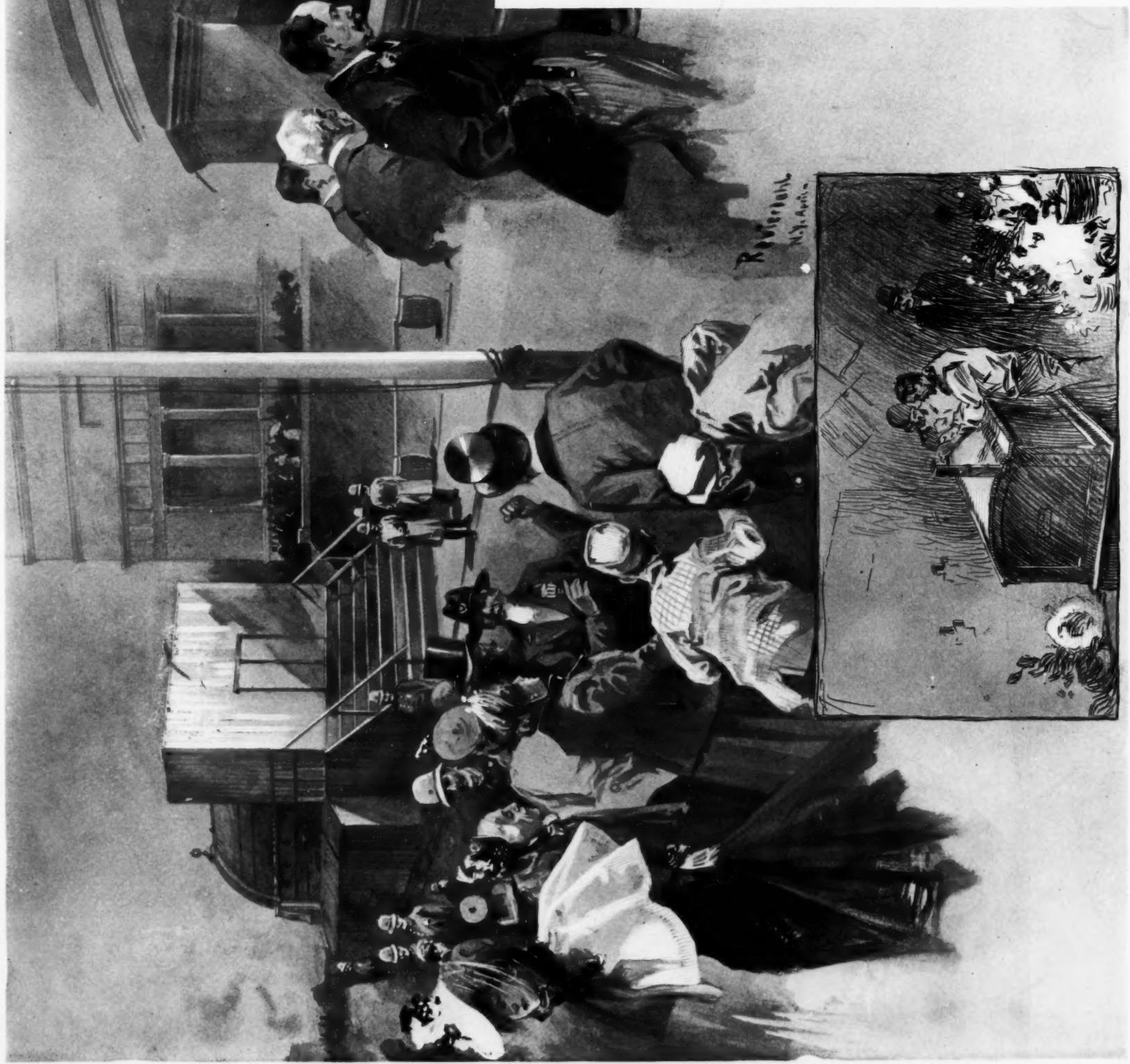


STATE CONVICTS THROWING UP TEMPORARY LEVEE IN GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

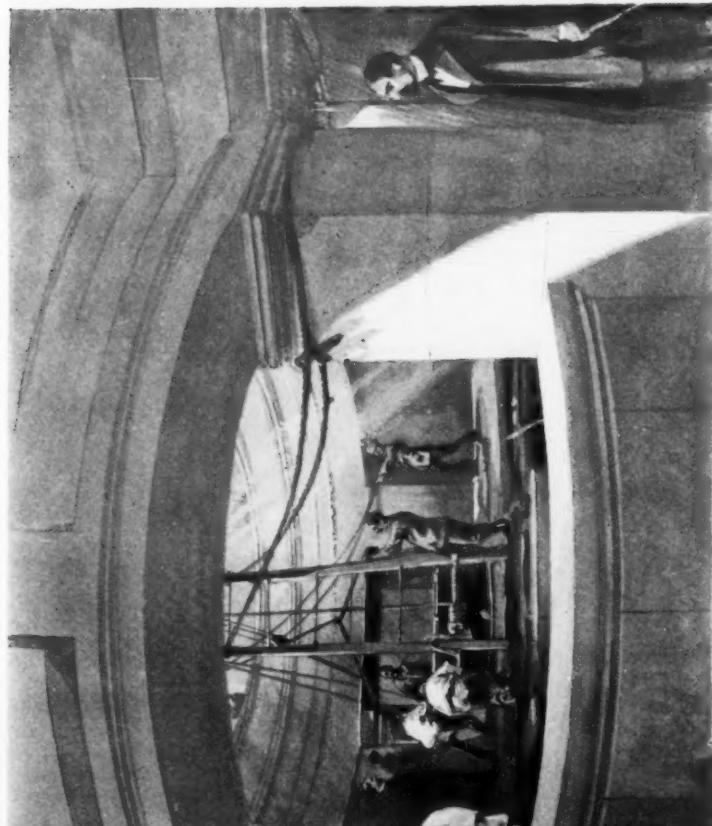
## THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FLOODS.

The water that overflows the Mississippi Valley has been higher than ever before, and the suffering of the people and the loss of property exceeds anything similar in the history of the country.

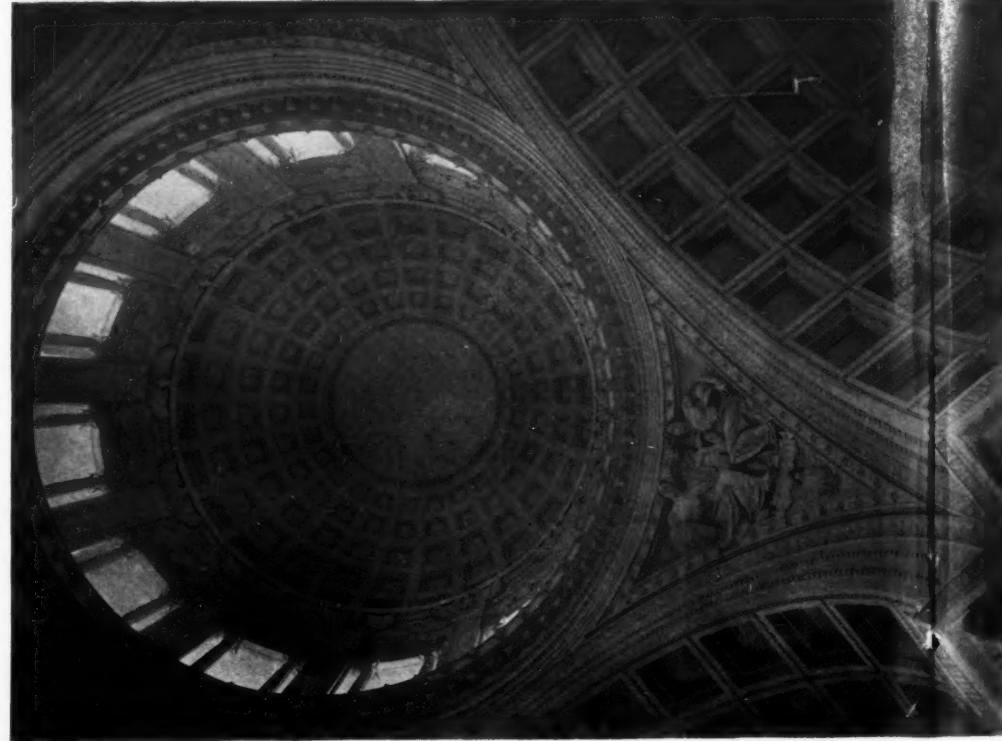
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WAITING FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE BODY.



PLACING THE LID ON THE SARCOPHAGUS.



THE INTERIOR OF THE DOME OF THE NEW TOMB.

THE INTERIOR OF THE DOME OF THE NEW TOMB.



A PART OF GREATER NEW YORK.—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MAUSOLEUM AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD AS IT WILL APPEAR.

## REMOVING THE BODY OF GENERAL GRANT TO ITS FINAL RESTING-PLACE.

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From a painting by H. Bolton Jones.

THE GRANT COTTAGE AT MOUNT McGREGOR.

To this cottage, near Saratoga, New York, General Grant was taken in his last illness; here he finished his "Memoirs," and here, in July, 1885, he died. This cottage was then the property of Mr. Joseph W. Drexel. It is now owned by the Grand Army of the Republic, and is maintained by that organization as a memorial of the great soldier and citizen who there passed away.

### The Southern Woman.

THE Southern woman taken as a whole, and in the lump, is essentially feminine. Her femininity is bred in the bone, so to speak, and she does not relinquish it—if she relinquishes it at all—without struggle and disappointment. The native-born Southern woman may have sense and sensibility and vanity, and a certain degree of invincibility to circumstance, but she likes to be dominated by men. She must have some masculine mortal to believe in, to look up to, and to consult in emergency; whether the crisis be weighty or of slight moment; whether it be the choosing of a husband or the particular shade of a ball-gown. In the typical Southern household one hears little of woman's rights. One hears little of man's rights, either; his prerogatives and privileges have been established and guarded too long and too jealously to admit of even the suggestion of argument. To use a New-England phrase, one "sues" the masculine ascendancy all over the house, just as the odor of the honeysuckle on the front porch steals somehow into the remotest back room, and the hint of something delightful being cooked for dinner apprises the nostrils up-stairs. The Southern woman may have thought a little on the subject of woman's rights, and may have actually read two or three articles on the subject, with a half-formed suspicion in her mind that part of what the writer said was true. She may even regard the woman's side of the woman's-rights question as logical and reasonable, and worthy of serious thought: but, if convinced at last that she is entitled to rights, she regards them as very futile indeed, and is fully aware, in her innermost soul, that she had much rather throw them away and be happy, and go on in the old fashion, worshiping her men-folk and being loved by them simply because she is what she is.

In a typical Southern household the masculine element is the pivot on which everything else depends, and delights to depend. This masculine element may be represented by a mere boy of seventeen, or by an infirm and irritable great-uncle or grandfather, by husband, brother, cousin, son, even by a relation in law and not in fact; it is all the same, whether deserving or not deserving, the male element rules the roost. Whatever the male member likes must be procured at any cost; hours for going in and coming out, for eating and drinking, for repose or play, or social obligation, are arranged with solicitous regard for his convenience.

"We don't like to have breakfast so late on Sundays; it makes us get to church late, but Uncle Gilman never breakfasts before half-past nine, and he likes us all to be at the table," said a young Southern woman, in relating some domestic incident.

"But I should fix everything nicely for him and leave his breakfast with the cook, and consult my own convenience," protested her friend.

"And leave him to breakfast alone?—the only day that he has to himself?"

The tone and manner with which this was said showed how utterly impossible such a solution of the matter would be. The "Uncle Gilman" alluded to was not a vital factor in the financial running of this household. His orphaned nieces owned their home and he simply lived with them. His room was the sunniest and most accessible in the house, and his pet corner, by the sit-

ting-room fire, was a veritable niche of comfort, with slippers and well-filled tobacco appliances kept always near at hand, bright and shining.

In the same Southern city there is a woman fair of face and with the sweet, mild majesty of presence that comes with middle age and maturity. Hers is beautiful nature, but she has never married. And why? Because the one man of all others whom she cared for, long ago, her brother did not like. There were no fundamental objections to the suitor's character or social standing; he was as good as the average run of men—better than some—but her brother did not like him, so she gave him up. There are traces of that "giving up" discernible to-day in the pathetic sweetness of the mouth and the nervous tremor of slender, white hands, but she pets her brother's babies, idolizes his oldest boy, and is outwardly contented and comfortable. As for the man she gave up, he married a girl with more will—one less apt to be made unhappy by conflicting family differences and antipathies.

This acquiescence in masculine authority does not forsake the Southern woman even when she is a grandmother, perhaps a great-grandmother. Her pride in her son's praise of her new gown or cap is almost girlish, and her face flushes with pleasure when he tucks the buggy-robes tenderly about her and shows concern as to whether her parasol is large enough to ward off the afternoon sun. "Don't drive fast, Lymus; mother does not like it," he charges; and, although "mother" owns the equipage and the ground over which she will drive, and knows perfectly well that her orders would be as potent, she is happy because her masculine divinity has elected her his particular care.

If, in a typical Southern household, a woman holds the purse, and there are boys and girls to be educated—the funds being scant—the utmost effort will be made to give the boys a chance. The girls need training, too, but for the boys is all the consideration. The bulk of advantage goes to the boys, and, from little toddlers, their tastes and preferences are considered.

"Why do you not go out? The fresh air will be beneficial," was urged once on a trio of sisters scarcely over the first shock of a bereavement.

"Our mourning isn't made up yet. We have not decided about it."

"Well, why not decide? It is positively suicidal for you to stay in-doors so much," is urged.

"Miss L., the mantua-maker, suggests a five-inch crêpe border for our Henrietta gowns, and Caroline thinks it would be nice to have them plain. We are expecting Brother Tom on again from Atlanta, and he will decide for us. He has such exact taste about things."

Brother Tom, who had a wife and large family to care for, possibly did not give the serious consideration to this matter that it demanded, but his decision turned the scales in favor of plain-bordered Henriettes, and his three sisters, one of whom held his hat and gloves, while another rubbed an obstinate spot off his vest, and all listened breathlessly to the account of his last attack of neuralgia, the meantime devouring him with eager eyes, decided that there could be no other brother in the world half so kind and sympathetic and interesting.

Though fairly well read and unconsciously cultivated, there are some things that the typical Southern woman knows abso-

lutely nothing about. Whether she is twenty-six or sixty, certain cults and poses and new ideas about old and long-tried issues are totally out of her sphere. She believes as implicitly in marriage, as the most desirable and felicitous state for the promotion of human well-being, as she believes in the "holy and blessed Trinity" and the teachings of the Litany to which she responds with a worshipful spirit on each recurring Sunday. Some people marry unhappily, of course, she thinks, but that is not germane to the question. If she gets hold of a novel or newspaper-story that flouts at marriage and hints at the luminous light that will flood the earth when congenial molecules shall have full measure of freedom to sail around in company, she regards the idea half with pity, half with scorn; indeed, there is only a part of it that she really understands. "Some awful hurt has come into these people's lives and made them look at things through crazy spectacles," she thinks, and turns with relief to some story of healthful endeavor or enduring love that, after trying vicissitude, finds legitimate vent.

Are there people in the world who really think that every man has his price, that there are things in the Bible that are not true, and that all women, more or less, when you come to the pith of the matter, are selfish and crazy for admiration and fine clothes and surroundings, and absolutely without heart and sense of right and wrong? How terrible it must be to believe these things!

The typical Southern woman is sentimental. She invests many prosaic things, animate and inanimate, with sentiment. She is sure to have, put away somewhere, keepsakes and tangible evidences of hours and moments of unalloyed happiness. As a school-girl she treasures these in her writing-desk or in some extra bureau-drawer. When she has grown older, and practicalities smother sentiment, she banishes them to a seldom-opened trunk in a remote corner. But she treasures them still—the broken fan that was restored to her by one whose very failings she guards jealously, for the sake of what she once thought he was. The fan was too delicate to admit of mending. He tried to have it mended, she remembers. There are other things locked away in the trunk—the verses sent to her by a girl friend who was her bridesmaid, the little faded velvet-covered prayer-book, with its ornate clasp as guarding something precious. There is the hand-wrought front breadth of a ball-gown, too—a gown worn on a night when somebody whispered that she was the prettiest girl in the room.

The native-born Southern woman, particularly if she be country-bred and not reared in the formalities of the city, had far rather be liked than admired. She enjoys being pleasant. It is a weakness that she must give way to. It is blind instinct with her to say something friendly to the girl who sells her a yard of ribbon or a flannel petticoat, and to remark to the elevator-boy that it is sloppy weather, or a fine day, or some other truism that will bring a shade of interest to his automatic face. She reaches out little tendrils of sympathy to all classes and conditions of people. She wants the chamber-maid to like her, and the washerwoman and the hall-boy, and, if she has been absent from home, it would be positive pain to her to realize that some girl, or "mauner," or "daddie" among the field hands had not missed her about the place and wished for her return.

Socially, she has a native capacity for flinging herself into

the yawning gap, as it were, when anything awkward, anything that would hurt anybody's feelings, has been said or hinted. She thinks sarcastic, cutting things at times, but she does not say them. Some of this exuberance of temperament, so to speak, springs from a kind heart, the key-note to all good breeding, but it may be that much of it is an inheritance and not to be regarded as the least bit of an affectation. From infancy she has been taught to mind her manners. It was somehow forced upon her mind that although she might not develop beauty, or brains, or wisdom, or have any exorbitant wealth or exalted social status, it was incumbent on her to be a lady. She was taught the catechism, of course, but she was taught to answer a question prettily and politely, and to be deferential to old people and to be careful of the feelings and preferences of others. In other words, she was taught to be agreeable as a fundamental principle of life.

The Southern woman frequently does things that might come under the category of bad taste, but anything that springs from bad feeling she can seldom be accused of. She is provincial; yes, decidedly provincial, and she is not a disciple of "culture" in any acceptance of the term.

Doubtless she may not be perfectly acquainted with her own language, but very likely she is cultivated enough not to be able to understand a single phase of the anomalous and all-comprising quality known as "push." VIRGINIA TALAFERRO.

### The Art Man.

THERE are newspapers in the western South that boast of being the leaders of thought in territories as large as good-sized European kingdoms, if not as populous. Such a paper must have something to say about art whenever art shows its face in the paper's territory. For this reason the paper has to employ an art man—he may be a good many other things at the same time, but he is the sole official representative of art on the staff of that paper, and his position is not easy.

"Mr. Artman," says the city editor, "the folks in the counting-room want you to attend to this. This man's name is Jones—owns a brick-kiln about two miles outside the city. He says he's got an old master—'Saul and the Witch of Endor.' Here's the address where he keeps his old master. You'll know what it's worth. You understand these things."

If "these things" means the ways of the counting-room, the art man understands "these things" pretty well. From the slip of paper given him by the city editor the art man is glad to learn that Jones doesn't keep his old master at his brick-yard, two miles outside the city, but at a livery-stable, which he also owns, in a remote and dingy quarter. Arriving at the livery-stable, the art man finds a living illustration of the race problem leaning against the corner of the broad, low entrance to the tan-strewn yard within.

"Yassuh," says the problem; "thishyer is Mr. Jones's stables, suh. I don't rightly know if he is inside. You can jes' step in the awfice an' in-quire."

Considering the unlikely seeming of the place, the art man thinks it well to first ask if there is a picture there that Mr. Jones values highly.

"Pieter? No, suh. Dat must be out at Mr. Jones's residence, suh. Oh, Joseph!" he impulsively shouts to a fresh illustration, who just then issues from the back of the premises, "the boss done say anything to you 'bout a pieter?"

"Pieter? He ain't done say nothin' to me 'bout no pieter." And the second specimen adds finality to this repulse of the attempt to drag him into the picture business by attentively biting off a chunk of tobacco and strolling forth into the street.

"Pickcher?" says a white man, in shirt-sleeves, who just then comes to the side door of the office. "Did Mr. Jones send you here about a pickcher?"

The art man states his mission with due dignity.

"Oh, yes," says the deputy boss. "You goin' to write it up? Well, Mr. Jones ain't here now, an' he didn't say anythin' to me about it."

Just as the critic begins to think of giving up his search, a boy—third example of his race—comes from the whitewashed stalls at the back, where Jones seems to keep relays of colored citizens while his mules are at work. The colored boy pricks up his ears.

"Yassuh," he says, positively, to the white man at the door; "das dat pieter hangin' up side by the do?"

And sure enough, within two yards of the art man, near the office door, under the covered entrance to the stables, hangs a grimy wooden frame with a canvas in it, and on the canvas are dark outlines. On careful examination the dingy outlines become distinguishable. The abnormally developed nose on the right belongs to the Witch of Endor; the dirty sheet seen through a yellow fog in the centre is the spirit of Samuel; the bearded figure on the left, dressed in a wooden kilt and an inverted gypsy kettle, is Saul. Jones probably assumes that the thing is an old master because he sees no other way of accounting for its transcendent ugliness. But the art man, feeling that a write-up of Jones's old master not only would involve an injustice to some poor, dead painter, but might shake popular faith in the paper's infallibility, lets the matter drop, in spite of vehement protests from the counting-room.

There are matters, though, which the art man cannot drop. There is a picture-exhibition, say, of "native talent"—which means talent flourishing, or languishing, within two hundred miles of the counting-room. The art man goes to the deserted piano show-room transformed into a picture-gallery, and there he finds a knot of women, with a few miserably conscious-looking men, standing before a large, bold nudity. The secretary of the auspicious association—these exhibitions are always "under the auspices" of some association—gives the art man the names of some of the admiring group, with the number of months each member of the group has spent in Europe, and fluently repeats their several complimentary opinions of the nudity. The critic listens, looks, walks about the room, and goes to the office to write his notice, taking his own opinions with him. Next day people whose names he does not know stare at him as they pass on the street. A day later he hears in the office that his criticism of the nudity, wherein he has pronounced its anatomy morbid, its flesh deathly, and the fashion

of its countenance unearthly, has hurt the paper's popularity and his own reputation for judgment.

"Don't you know," says the circulation manager, "who painted that picture? Well, are you aware that Gavin Brown spent three years in Paris studying art? and that he is considered one of the finest painters in this section of the country? Yes, sir; and he's way up in society, too. That's when you tore your pants."

And yet it is impossible for the art man to convince the outside public that his criticisms are unbiased. Hon. Isaac Yowl writes to thank him for his "chivalrous words of encouragement" to a meritorious aquarellist who turns out to be Yowl's deceased wife's sister, though, in point of fact, the art man, while knowing Yowl as a local politician on the paper's black list, did not even know that the water-color alluded to was done by a feminine hand.

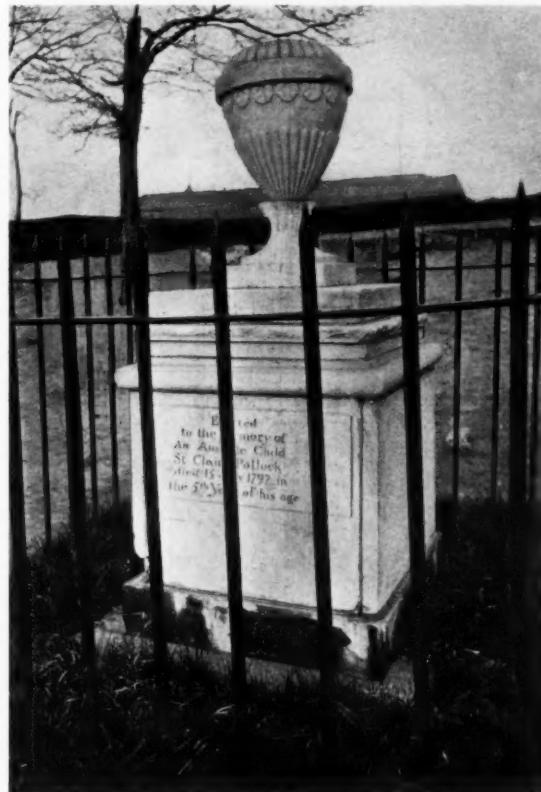
And the art man has more, and more serious, troubles than these. But a leading paper must have an art man, if it wishes to go on leading in an age of culture.

THE NEW STEEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

EWAN MACPHERSON.

### Beside the Grant Mausoleum.

ALMOST at the foot of the majestic Grant monument, on the Riverside promontory at Clermont, is the grave of a child—"an amiable child," as the inscription on the stone touchingly records—General Grant's only companion in that romantic place

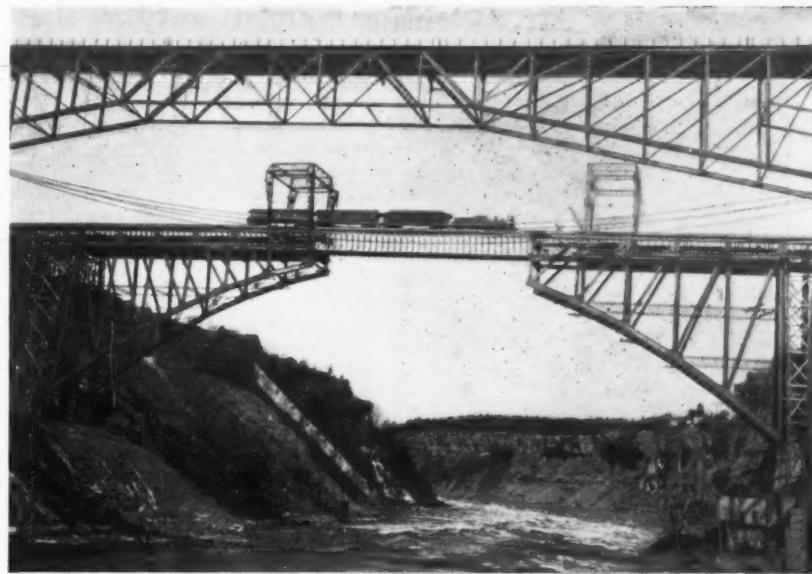


THE GRAVE OF "AN AMIABLE CHILD."

of sepulture. The little tomb is on the very brow of the bluff overlooking the Hudson River. It consists of a white marble pedestal, now stained and weather-worn, crowned with the conventional funeral urn and protected by an inclosing iron railing. The half-obliterated inscription records that the frail memorial was erected to the memory of St. Claire Pollock, who died July 15th, 1797, in the fifth year of his age. The family to which the child belonged was that of an English gentleman—tradition says a former officer in the British army—who owned an estate on these heights a hundred years ago. The place was not called Clermont until some years later—in 1807, when it was so named for Robert Fulton's steamboat, this point marking the limit of the historic craft's first trial trip up the Hudson. Chancellor Livingston at that time owned a country-seat here, and, it is said, built the house which formerly stood on the site now occupied by that strictly modern resort, the Clermont Casino.

### The New Bridge at Niagara Falls.

A WONDERFUL piece of engineering is now taking place at Niagara Falls, where a new steel arch bridge is being sprung across the chasm from cliff to cliff, right under the existing railway suspension bridge, which it is intended to replace, and this without the slightest interruption to traffic on the railroad or the highway which it supports. The point of operations has been the scene of many engineering feats that called for no small amount of ability. It was here that the first bridge across the gorge was erected. The structure was built of wood, and in its construction an iron basket and cable-way were used. It was begun in 1848 and completed in 1855. In 1880 the wooden superstructure was replaced by steel, and in 1886 the stone towers



THE NEW STEEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

were replaced by towers of steel. It is this structure the new steel arch will replace, and when it is finished it will be the first bridge of its kind across the Niagara gorge, where heretofore suspension bridges have been most in favor.

The erection of a bridge of such proportions and style as the new arch is of itself a task of no small magnitude, but when the arch is put right in the place of a bridge that is in constant use, it will be seen that the skill required is such as to make the work a notable one in engineering fields. The illustration well portrays the manner in which the bridge is being erected. Preparatory to the erection of the steel, great structures of timber, called false work, were built out from the cliffs on each side of the river to the point where the abutments are located. Then the work of placing the iron was started on both sides of the river, and day after day the arch has grown towards the centre, until within a few days the two sections will meet over mid-stream and the arch be sprung, but the bridge will not be fully completed until June or July.

The new arch will have a span of five hundred and fifty feet, which will be connected to the cliffs at each end by a trussed span one hundred and fifteen feet long. It will have two floors, or decks, and on the upper floor there will be room for double tracks for the Grand Trunk Railway. The lower floor will have a carriage-way, sidewalks, and trolley-tracks. It is probable that these trolley-tracks will be the first to carry a trolley-car from the United States into the Dominion of Canada on its own wheels and power, one great incentive to the construction of the new arch being to afford trolley-car connection between the two countries. Mr. L. L. Buck is the engineer in charge of the work.

ORRIN E. DUNLAP.

### Of Days Gone By.

OF days gone by I love to dream  
Beneath my heart's autumnal sky—  
A waif of memory on the stream  
Of days gone by.

Ah! many a vanished smile and sigh—  
Thought's driftwood—in the shade or beam  
Of retrospection seems floating nigh.

No eyes look back with tender gleam;  
No voices to my own reply;  
Yet strangely near the phantoms seem  
Of days gone by.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

### The Wittelsbacher Capital.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MUNICH, April 15th, 1897.—"In these rooms have dwelt kings and princes, but Americans as well, and never have I had more acceptable guests than were your countrymen." Thus spoke the genial proprietor of the *Grand Hotel Continental* to our party in the sumptuous parlors of his beautiful house. There is so much of happy hospitality and honest cheer in the Bavarian temperament that even one part of it might illumine foggy England, with its sadness and smoke, its grasping hoteliers and chilly rooms, which we have left behind us, and now most gratefully realize this haven of rest and contentment.

Munich is pre-eminently a city of art. Even the street vendor appears artistic, quite unconsciously, though, and natural. An absence of all excitement, as if the city were wrapt in sleep, acts soothingly on our overtaxed nerves. Yet Munich is by no means under a spell. Instead of the mad rush on a Broadway, or the pushing crowd of the Strand, people go about leisurely and content. New sights and interesting views meet the eye at every turn, and after some hours of profitable sight-seeing we are quite ready to turn in the *Grand Hotel Continental* and enjoy its bounteous comforts. Neither effort nor expense has been spared in this new house, and such lofty and large rooms and wide corridors, with costly art everywhere, is only possible in this city. One of the rare features in this well-disciplined house is the remarkable docility and alacrity of its waiters. There is an absence of that peculiar system "to size you up" still in vogue at the Gordon Company's hotels in London. The people are natural, give you what you ask, and more, too, and are content with a living profit. Such is Munich, the garden-spot by the Isar.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

### New Plant that Cures

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THE New African Kola plant is Nature's botanic cure for Asthma in every form. Mr. A. C. Lewis, editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, writes that it cured him when he could not lie down at night for fear of choking. Rev. J. L. Coombs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, testifies to his entire cure after thirty years' suffering, and many others give similar testimony. Its cures are really wonderful. If you are a sufferer we advise you to send to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who will send you a large case by mail, free, to prove its power. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

## Art, Brightness, and Beauty at the Theatres.



OLGA NETHERSOLE.

THE galaxy of feminine loveliness resultant from a random selection of current stage attractions, here represented, is rather striking. It indicates a high average, in this respect, upon which our theatre-goers may congratulate themselves.

Olga Nethersole, who is in some ways the most magnetic actress coming to us from England since Adelaide Neilson, is bringing to a triumphant close her third annual tour in America. In a varied repertory, including such diverse

plays as "The Transgressor," "Camille," "Romeo and Juliet," "Carmen," "Frou-Frou," "Denise," and "The Wife of Scarli," she has fairly secured her rank among the three or four great emotional actresses of our time. Miss Nethersole's next engage-

ment, it is rumored, is a matrimonial one; but as she is to become the lessee and manageress of a London theatre, the prospects of her future professional career seem brighter than ever.

Beautiful Alice Holbrook, as *Electra* in the Fifth Avenue Opera Company's new musical comedy, entitled "1999," by Messrs. Ensign and Holst, appears to advantage in the best rôle she has had since her famous Spanish dancing-girl in "The Chieftain," with Francis Wilson, two seasons ago. Caroline Miskel-Hoyt has become thoroughly identified in the public favor with the deliciously feminine *Grace Holme*, in that most polished of Hoyt's satirical comedies, "A Contented Woman." Mr. Hoyt's latest work, "A Stranger in New York," reveals a winsome soubrette in the person of Miss Nellie Butler.

Amelia Bingham, whose artistic grace and intelligence equal her justly renowned personal attractiveness, lends distinction to an important part with "Two Little Vagrants," now on tour.

The Bostonians have a bright and melodious new opera in "The Serenade," by Messrs. Smith and Herbert, and a new prima-donna to match it in Alice Nielsen, who is captivating as *Yvonne*, the leading soprano rôle. Miss Nielsen comes to us from the West. Her present brilliant success augurs well for her future in grand opera, towards which her ambition is directed, and she goes abroad shortly to study with Marchesi.

At Hammerstein's Olympia occurs the American début of Dan Leno, the celebrated English comedian, singer, pantomime clown, and mimic, whose popularity in London surpasses even that of Chevalier.



OLGA NETHERSOLE AS "THE WIFE OF SCARLI."



NELLIE BUTLER IN "A STRANGER IN NEW YORK," HOYT'S NEW COMEDY.



ALICE HOLBROOK AS "ELECTRA," IN "1999," FIFTH AVENUE OPERA COMPANY.



CAROLINE MISKEL-HOYT AS "GRACE HOLME," IN "A CONTENTED WOMAN."

AMELIA BINGHAM.  
Photograph by Elmer Chickering.

ALICE NIELSEN, THE NEW PRIMA-DONNA OF THE BOSTONIANS.



Yvonne, in "The Serenade."



DAN LENO, THE ENGLISH COMEDIAN AND PANTOMIMIST, AT HAMMERSTEIN'S OLYMPIA.

DAN LENO AS "THE FLOOR-WALKER."

## THE THEATRES.

## THE THEATRES.

# MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO

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LIGHT  
OF  
LIBERTY  
1776



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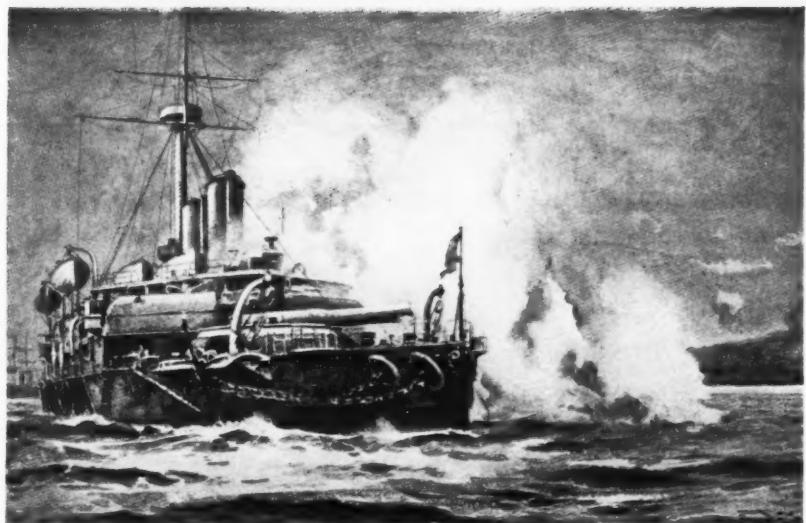
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Boston, Mass., Oct, 10th, 1896.

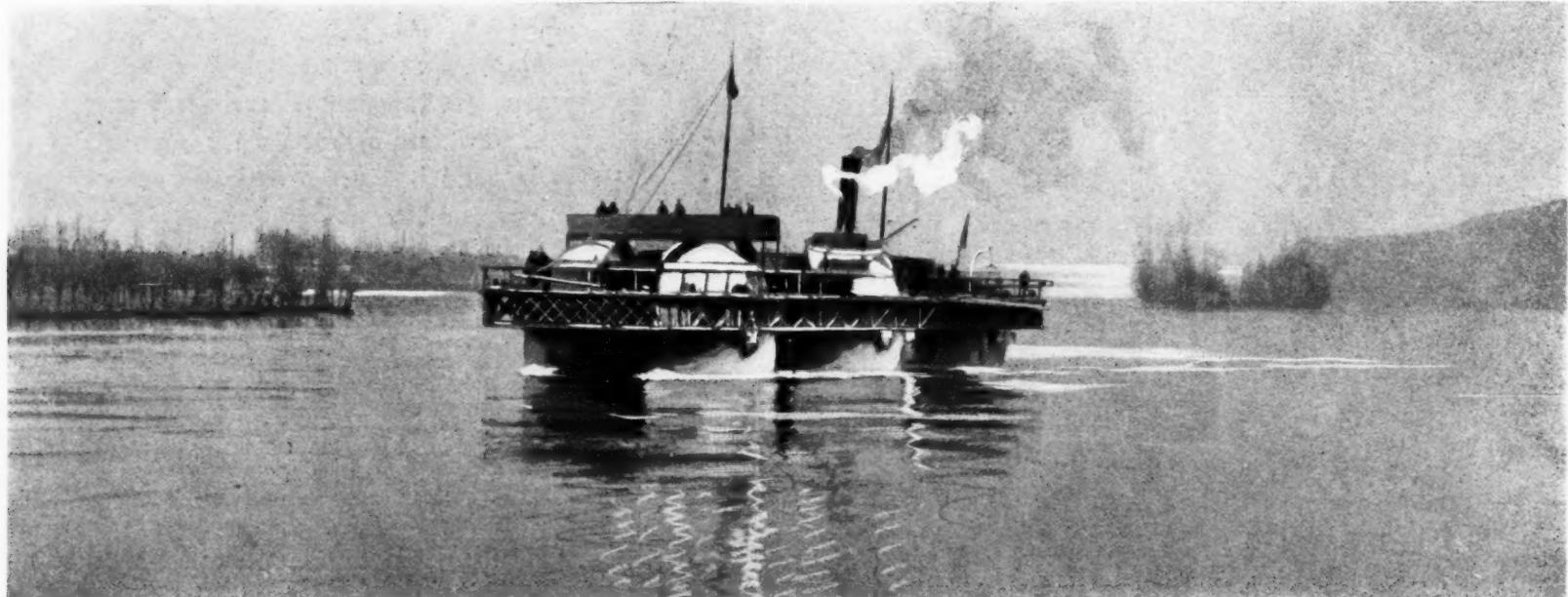
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EUROPEAN PICTURES OF THE WEEK.

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## Common Sources of Infection.

THE prominence given of late years to the subject of disease-producing germs would, without due reflection, lead to the conclusion that the risks attending life have been enormously increased within the last two or three decades. We have become aware now that insidious foes lurk for us in hidden places, never suspected before; and that those very agencies which are essential to the continuance of life may convey the seeds of death. The reflection is certainly disquieting, that we may inhale a multitude of living organisms with every breath we draw, and introduce them into our bodies with the food we eat and the water we drink. Such a disturbing thought could arise in the minds of but few outside the medical profession a score of years ago; but the fact was all the more dangerous from being unsuspected.

Though within recent years a vast improvement has taken place in the conditions attending life in cities and towns, much yet remains to be done by municipal bodies, as well as by individuals. It must be admitted that the public has not utilized the enlarged knowledge now possessed of the sources of infection, nor have the available means of preventing it been used to the extent they should. The most obvious and best known of these causes of disease have been the special care of the health authorities of cities, but there are other disease-inducing agencies which have not yet been proscribed by them.

Some of the circumstances contributing to the production of disease are, however, of such a nature as to be, at present at least, practically beyond the operation of sanitary legislation or individual precautions; while others have been so sanctioned by usage and by associations as to be almost equally removed beyond the sphere of personal efforts or municipal restrictions.

Thousands of persons have doubtless noticed the soiled condition of paper money long in circulation, and many are also aware that these bills (the smaller denominations especially) are the favorite camping-grounds of armies of disease-producing bacteria. Disinfection is, of course, out of the question in this case, but care in handling the bills may be productive of good results. No food should be taken, under any circumstances, without carefully washing the hands, more especially after handling dirty bills; and silver and copper coins should never, as is sometimes done, be placed between the lips. In England the danger of infection from the use of bank-notes is largely obviated by recalling and canceling the bills soon after they have passed into circulation, as also by the fact that no notes are issued less than five pounds. Such a monetary system would perhaps not be commensurate with the needs of exchange here; still, a step in advance would be the calling in and cancellation of bills which have been for a long time in circulation.

Though not so universal, not less great is the danger from reading popular books in circulating libraries. The young are specially liable to infection, and the danger in this particular instance is materially increased by the habit they have of moistening the fingers on the lips so as to more readily turn the leaves of books. It is quite certain that diseases are often communicated in this manner. The difficulty, however, is that no absolute safeguard, which would secure immunity from this danger, can be suggested, unless abstention from handling and reading soiled books, which would in almost every instance be regarded as a contingency more disagreeable than the danger it would seek to avert.

The reflection that the cup containing the symbol of man's redemption may convey contagion to the devout worshiper is apt to produce a state of mind not conducive to religious quietude, or in harmony with the sanctities of the sacrament. That there is danger in using the communion-cup is fully recognized by members of the medical profession, and also by others. In some churches the common use of the cup is discarded, the dissenting members being provided with their own vessels.

Sanitary regulations directed against promiscuous kissing would certainly be regarded as an unwarrantable encroachment upon the rights of the people. Still, the indulgence in this time-honored usage is not unaccompanied by danger. Strangers, or even friends, should not be permitted to kiss children, and those tainted with disease of any kind ought to refrain from it under all circumstances.

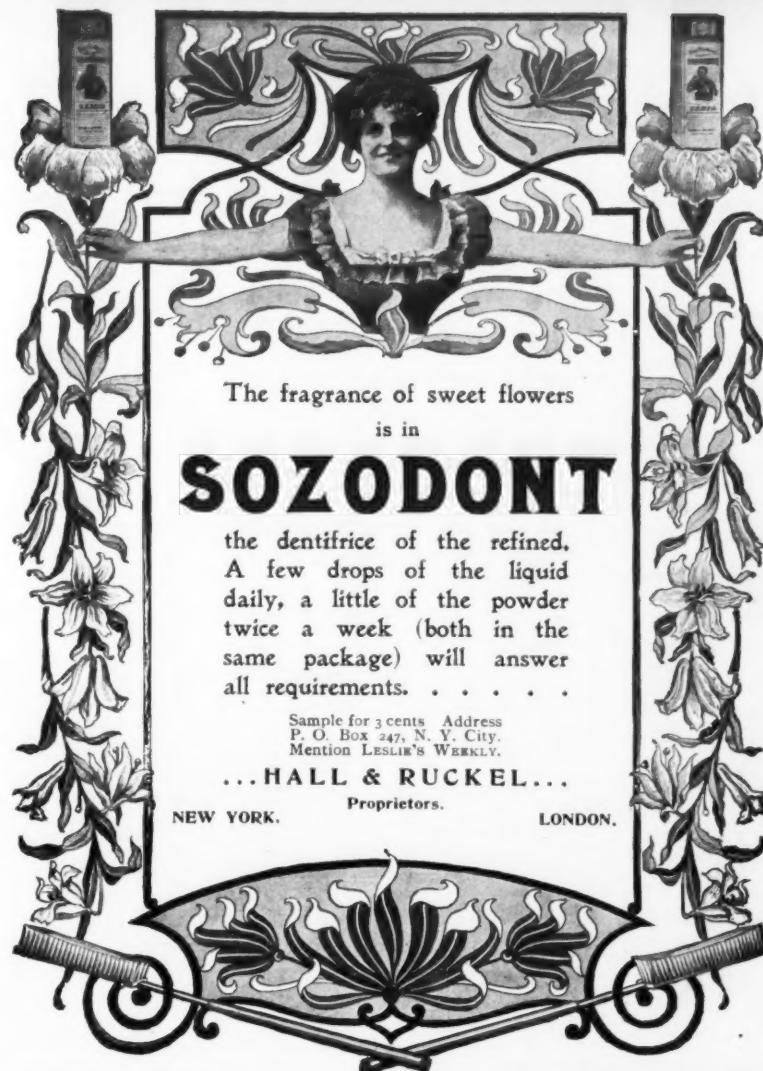
The foregoing examples of possible causes of contagion are of such a nature that even the most cleanly and cautious may not be able to avert all danger. There are other unsanitary agencies which are happily such that the evil consequences which might result from them may be prevented entirely. In this category may be placed towels in hotels and other public places, which are used by different people; drinking-cups at public fountains and on railroads, and other articles in general use by the public.

N. MACDONALD.

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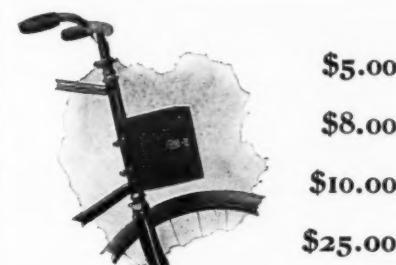
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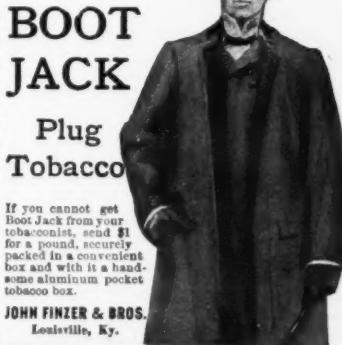
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THE only people who are positive they are fitted to bring up children in the way they should go are very old gentlemen and maiden ladies.

An amusing little scene, in which the "helpful old gentleman" figured, occurred the other day at the Grand Central station. Quite a family party were assembled, of the class that believe in making the most of a free country, to await the arrival of an expected guest. Children were there galore, playing tag around the old gentleman's feet, falling periodically over his canvas-bag, squealing wildly as they ran into passengers, and retreating in heaps as a "cop" approached.

The "helpful old man" stood it as long as he could conscientiously—then, looking over his spectacles, said, severely: "Stop that racket—you children!"

"Well, I like that," answered one of the mothers in a loud, angry tone.

But if she did the old gentleman didn't, and faced the woman as he continued:

"Now look here, madam; I've raised three families of children, and not a single child was ever allowed to annoy my neighbors."

"Well," replied the irate lady, "if you've raised three families you've certainly done your duty, and I'll thank you to allow me to raise mine."—*Judge*.

REASON ENOUGH.

"WHY did you break off your engagement with Jim?" asked Nellye of Mae.

"He got to signing his love-letters 'Jyme,'" replied Mae.—*Judge*.

PASS on the good word. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters befriended you. You can make friends by giving good advice.

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I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 529, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain envelope.

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—*Judge*.

THE CRUCIAL TEST.

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She—"Yes, but what make of saddle do you use?"—*Judge*.

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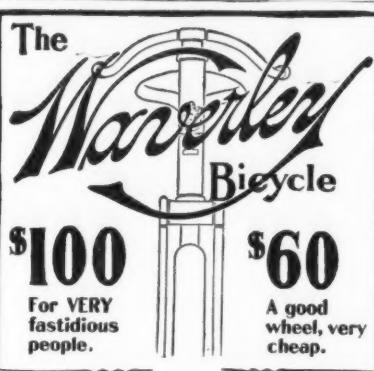
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### THE SAFER KIND.

EDNA wants a baby-brother. "A baby would be so nice to wheel around in a carriage, mamma. Dolls are always getting broken when the carriage tips over."—Judge.

### THE COMING LEGISLATION.

THE speaker of the Kansas new-woman Legislature rose and pounded sternly on the desk with her gavel. "The bill just offered and withdrawn," she said, "permitting women to wear corsets, however amusing, bespeaks a levity that is out of keeping with the dignity of our high office. I would request that members in future refrain from humorous archaisms that tend to retard routine business." After this momentary digression the house began its most important debate of the session on the question of compelling all male aliens to do away with trousers and whiskers.—Judge.

### LEGAL NOTICES.

PROPOSALS FOR SUPPLIES FOR THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT AND POSTAL SERVICE.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 5th, 1897.

SEALED proposals will be received at this department until Thursday, May 6th, 1897, at two o'clock P. M., for furnishing wrapping-paper, wrapping-paper for facing-slips, twine, letter-scales, postmarking and rating stamps, rubber stamps, canceling ink, pads, paper, rubber goods, pens, pen-holders, pencils, inks, mucilage, glass goods, rulers, folders, articles of steel, rubber erasers, books, typewriter supplies, and miscellaneous stationery, in such quantities of the different articles respectively, and at such times and from time to time, as they may be ordered, during the fiscal year beginning July 1st, 1897, and ending June 30th, 1898, for the use of any branch of the departmental or postal service.

Blanks for proposals, with specifications giving detailed statements of the requirements to be met in respect to each article, and also the estimated quantities probably to be required of each, and giving full instructions as to the manner of bidding and conditions to be observed by bidders, will be furnished on application to the Superintendent of the Division of Post-Office Supplies, Post-Office Department, Washington, D. C.

The Postmaster-General reserves the right to reject any or all bids, to waive technical defects, and to accept any part of any bid and reject the other part.

JAS. A. GARY,  
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Makers: SYRACUSE CYCLE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.  
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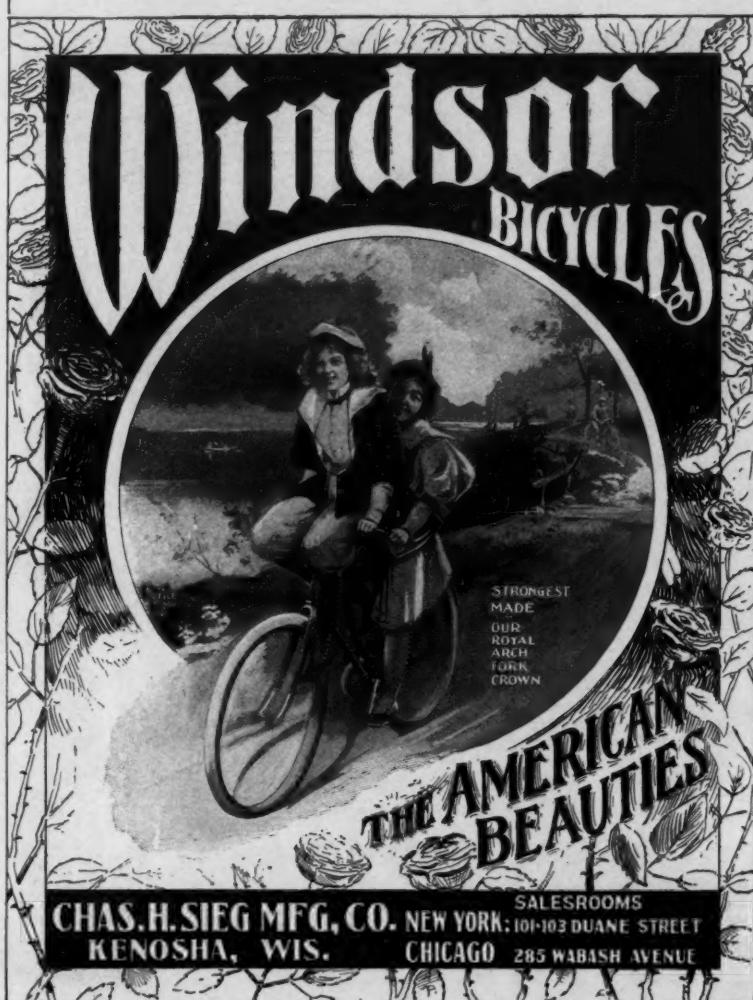
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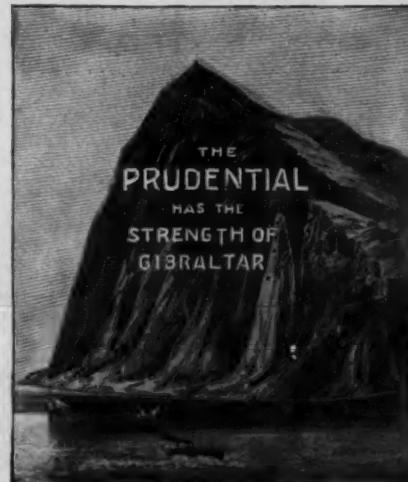
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Surplus . . . . .	1,449,057	4,034,116	2,585,059
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